THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER VII.

The Repeal year had conducted not to a parliament in College Green, but to a penitentiary at Richmond. Yet the people believed in O'Connell's power, wisdom and truth. From his prison he sent weekly messages to the Repeal association (which continued to meet as usual), announcing that the independence of the country was never so certain; that he rejoiced to be imprisoned for Ireland; above all, that he implored the people to be peaceful and patient. Peaceful and patient they were; and the wardens and clergy labored more zealously than ever to keep up the agitation and swell its funds. Corporations, bishops, "dismissed magistrates" and mayors of cities thronged the courts and gardens of the prison, bringing their addresses of confidence and assurances of co-operation. Very considerable indignation had been excited, even among the Protestants, by the means which had been used to snatch this conviction. The agitation had rather gained than lost, and many gentlemen who had held back till now, sent in their names and subscriptions. O'Brien was a constant attendant at the association, and by his boldness and purity of character, and his extensive knowledge of public affairs gave it both impetus and steadiness.

Yet O'Connell and his friends were in a prison, sentenced to an incarceration of one year, and it would be vain to deny that there was humiliation in the fact. True, the jury had been notoriously packed, the trial had been but a sham, and the sentence would probably be reversed by the house of lords. Still, there was Ireland, represented by her chosen men, suffering the penalties of crime in a gaol. The island was still fully and effectively occupied by troops, as a hostile country, and all its resources were in clear possession of the enemy. Many began to doubt whether the "Moral-Force principle" of O'Connell would be found sufficient.

In an elegant tent, with a green flag flying over it, O'Connell, with his green Mullaghmast cap on, received the deputations, and made them gracious answers, not without a seasoning of merry jest. Through the trees, and among parterres of flowers, one might see the "martyrs" and their friends sauntering about, the tall form of Mr. Steele, the "head pacificator," strode alone and apart, pretending to read "Kane's Industrial Resources of Ireland." John O'Connell with a smile ready for all comers, but an air somewhat pre-occupied, as if intent on weighty business, remained generally near to his father. He was then about 32 years of age, small of stature, but rather corpulent, and extremely unlike in every respect to the "Liberator." He was then member of parliament for Kilkenny. Duffy might have been seen on a rustic bench, surrounded by certain young poets, his pale face illuminated with a glow that looked very like the light of enthusiasm, and almost of genius, and he seemed to be rather too nervously anxious that the "*Nation* party" should be forward and conspicuous at this crisis of the cause. D'Arcy was still making the columns of the *Nation* flash with proud hope and defiance, but did not affect to conceal a certain despondency. "No," he said, "O'Connell will run no more risks. Even when this judgment shall be set aside, and he will come out in triumph, he will content himself with 'imposing demonstrations.' He will not call the Clontarf meeting again—he will not summon the Council of Taree Hundred, and from the day of his release the cause will be going back and going down. What care the government," he exclaimed, with bitterness, "how many thousands of people may meet peacefully and legally, or in what trappings they dress themselves, or to what tunes they march, or what banners they may flaunt—while there are 50,000 bayonets in all our garrisons, besides the Orange Yeomanry?" In truth, the Repeal agitation, as a living and formidable power, was over from the day of imprisonment, and I shall not dwell on the details of it any farther.

The judgment of the Irish court of the queen's bench was brought up to the British house of peers on a writ of error, and on Sept. 2 and 4, the opinions of nine English judges gave their opinion that the jury was a good jury, the verdict good, and the judgment good. It appeared, however, that Mr. Justice Coleridge dissented. Lord Lyndhurst, the lord chancellor, then delivered his decision; he agreed with the majority of the judges, and thought the judgment should stand, packing the jury being immaterial. He was followed by Lord Brougham—and no body could doubt what would be the decision of that learned person—the jury was a good enough jury; some of the counts in the indictment might be bad, but, bad or good, the judgment of the Irish court was to stand, and O'Connell was to remain in prison.

Lord Denman, chief justice of England then arose. I have already mentioned that the whole Irish question was regarded in the British parliament solely with reference to its affording a chance for turning out the Tory ministry and conducting the Whigs into power and place. We have seen, accordingly, the virtuous indignation of Lord John Russell, and of Mr. Macaulay, against the packing of the juries. It seems an atrocious charge to make upon judges and law-lords—that they could be influenced by any other considerations than the plain law and justice of the case. But the mere matter of fact is, that the majority of the English judges were of the Tory party. Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst was a violent Tory, and moreover, an avowed enemy to Ireland. Lord Brougham was at that time a Tory, and also a personal foe to O'Connell, having been often stung by the vicious taunts and ridicule of that gentleman. But Lord Denman, Lord Cottenham and Lord Campbell were Whigs, and Denman, Cottenham and Campbell gave it as their opinion that the jury had been unfair and fraudulent—that no fair trial had taken place—and therefore that the judgment against the Repeal conspirators should be reversed.

Some circumstances attending this transaction deserve to be stated. After the delivery of the opinions of the lawlords, the chancellor put the question, "Is it your lordships' pleasure that the judgment be reversed?"—and several lay lords, who knew no more of law than of anything else, shouted in chorus to Lord Brougham, "Not Content." This was too much; Lord Wharncliffe, president of the council, himself rebuked the indecency, and even Lord Brougham declared that it was better not to go out of the usual course, even for the sake of doing justice in so important a case, as it would diminish the respect and confidence of mankind towards that most illustrious tribunal. The noisy lay-lords, therefore, took their hats and went out, and the votes only of the law-lords were taken. Lyndhurst and Brougham were for sustaining the judgment, and three others against it. The chancellor, therefore, announced—"the judgment is reversed."

The state trials, then, were at an end. It has been beside my present purpose to detail the complicated incidents of that procedure—the motion for a new trial, motion for amendment in the *postea*, and so forth—which served to protract the affair month after month. Proof of the "overt acts," also, has been omitted as being of no consequence at the time, nor at any time since. The thing was indeed no criminal trial at all—it was a *de facto* government making use of its courts of justice and officials, of its executive power, to try and convict a whole people for the crime of demanding their independence. Thus considered, it was deemed by all high-spirited Irishmen as an outrage and public affront before the world, and the reversal of the judgment by Whig lawlords in London, and consequent liberation of the prisoners, was by no means regarded as atoning the outrage or wiping out the insult. We tried hard, indeed, to feel triumphant, it needed no trouble to feel indignant and humiliated. The *Nation* exclaims:

"What—what—what! Is the decision of the queen's bench of Ireland reversed? So they have kept us for three months from our freedom without law, or right, or justice? Out upon their constitution!

"And was the trial by jury made a 'mockery, a delusion, and a snare' for this opening of the prison gates? Were the names omitted, the list fraudulent, and did all the attendant circumstances of a government conspiracy take place only that the unwilling hands which closed the doors of Richmond prison should open them today?

"And so the 'convicted conspirators,' the 'hoary criminal,' and his 'suffering dupes,' were robbed of their liberty by the government of England! With hot, indecent haste—with furious hurry—they drove them from the court house to the gaol. The men who stood convicted appealed to a higher, and, as it appears, a luckier court, from the inferior tribunal, yet, contrary to all the dictates of true justice, they were forced to endure the punishment without their crime being proved. The government were warned not to inflict this wrong. They were warned to abide the issue of the appeal—to stay their vengeance—to balk their appetite for punishment. Yet that sleek tyrant at their head would not have it so. He would have O'Connell in the prison. He would wreak malignant vengeance on his 'difficulty'; he did so. He inflicted three months' false imprisonment."

Yes, it was true; the "sleek tyrant" had done it, and we might make the most and say our worst of it. He had shown that he dared inflict three months' false imprisonment—and the very appeal to a British house of lords, from an Irish law court, was felt to be degradation, because it was an *attornment* to the jurisdiction of the enemy.

Before quitting the subject, one or two matters deserve commemoration. The British government, by openly and ostentatiously striking off from the jury panel all Catholics without exception, all Protestants of moderate and liberal opinions, made proclamation that they knew the great mass of the people to be averse to them and their rule—avowed that they accounted that small remainder, out of whom they selected their jurors, to be the only "good and lawful men." This, to be sure, amounted to an admission that nine-tenths of Irishmen desired the freedom of their country, but then it also amounted to a declaration that England meant to hold the country, whether Irishmen would or not.

One other noteworthy matter; after the verdict, but before the sentence, it was well known that the traversers would bring the whole matter up to the house of lords by writ of error: but it was also known that ministers would insist upon imprisonment, pending the writ of error, and that the judges would refuse all bail, for the sole policy of "government" seemed to be that O'Connell must see the inside of a gaol, guilty or not guilty, law or no law. Accordingly it was conceived by certain Whig statesmen in London (then out of place, as aforesaid, and eager to "make capital" by their friendship for Ireland), that a bill might be introduced into parliament authorizing bail to be received in criminal cases, pending a writ of error, in order that persons might not suffer imprisonment as criminals, who might turn out to be innocent. Lord Campbell introduced the bill. On the second of May, he moved that it should be referred to a committee. Lord Lyndhurst, the chancellor, opposed it on the part of the government. He said not a word against the fairness and justice of the measure, but boldly founded his opposition on the ground that it was brought in to answer a particular case. Lord Brougham, of course, opposed it to, and was so foolish as to say that "though approving of the general principles of the measure, he had at the first stated that it was most objectionable to introduce a measure so important, pending the proceedings now going on in Dublin."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

GHOSTLY MESSENGERS.

Eleanor Kirk Has a Correspondent Who Was Notified of Family Bereavements by a Prompt and Officious "Spook."

Are There Any Other Cases of the Kind—The Filthy Habit of Wearing Trailing Dresses.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 11.—"If I waited to feel like work of any kind or description I should wait forever, so your advice as far as I am concerned and others like me, is not worth considering. I hate everything that can be mentioned under the head of work. I love to read, and to be alone, and these are all the things I really care for. But I do work, and very hard, too, every day of my life, but with set teeth and invincible determination to do everything there is to be done that belongs to me to do. But I loathe the labor and detest every person that I labor for. Now I should like you to tell me what good I should ever accomplish in this world if I never worked until I felt like it."

Every intuitive person who reads the above communication from a woman who signs herself "Old at Thirty," will feel the bitterness that rankles in the heart of the writer. Who can have a word of comfort or advice for such a sufferer? Such a spiritual and mental condition is as exceptional as it is awful. Indeed, so abnormal is it, that it must indicate some form of insanity. All sane and healthy natures love to work. They may not always like the employment that their environment forces upon them, but there is always some panacea to be found in the few moments that can be occupied by a congenial occupation. Hard tasks are simplified and made tolerable by the thought of the drawing, the embroidery, the writing, or what not, that waits for the expectant fingers. But to hate all work, and everybody associated with work, affords me a new type of human being, and for that reason I present it to my readers.

It is impossible for me to ignore the vast correspondence which comes to me from every part of the country. Some of these letters are very interesting, and others are unique in subject and composition. Not a few belong to the Society of Psychical Research. The following is a sample of this kind:

"I suppose you will think I am a very illogical if not a very foolish woman for troubling you with an account of my dreams. But I am so anxious to know if you have ever heard of any other persons having a like experience that I am going to trust to your kindness to forgive me for troubling you. My friends talk about their dreams—different dreams—but I have never had but one dream in my life, and that has recurred four times. It seems simple enough, but I cannot tell you how awful it is to me. First, there is a knock at my door. I say come in. The door opens and a tall man of grave aspect and dressed in black, enters slowly and approaches the bed. The first time he said but one word—'Alfred.' This was the name of my brother 11 years old who was on a visit to his grandfather in Vermont. The next morning when I went down to breakfast I found my mother and father almost crazed by a telegram just received. 'Alfred seriously hurt. Come at once.' A half hour later came the announcement of the death, the first telegram being simply a preparation for the fatal news. Alfred died in the night. The next time I dreamed, the very same preliminary knock and entrance took place. This time there were two words spoken—'Louise—Paris.' My dearest friend and school-chum was spending the summer in Switzerland. I did not know that she expected to visit Paris. Ten days after this dream I read her death in the New York *Herald*, and she died in Paris at the date of my dream. The next time the tall man spoke the words, 'Mary Jane.' I must have wakened immediately after this dream, for I jumped up quickly and looked at my watch. It was 7:30, Dec 21st. Now Mary Jane had been our cook for nine or ten years, and when my mother showed signs of internal tumor, she sent her to a hospital in Boston for treatment. Now, strange as it may seem, Mary Jane, our faithful cook, nurse and housekeeper, died from the effects of an operation at 7:30 a. m., Dec. 21st. The last visit I received, the name of my Latin teacher, a great favorite of mine, was mentioned. I loved her dearly and I believe I was her pet pupil. She had married and gone to Colorado to live. The day before this dream I had received a most enthusiastic letter from her anticipating the good times we would have together when I visited her. What time in the night I had the awful dream I do not know, but my dear friend died about that time. These are facts that can be corroborated by friends who have heard my account of the dreams before the proof of their correctness had reached us. If you were in my place would you not feel, after such an unusual experience, that this tall man had been commissioned to announce the passing away of your friends? That is the way it seems to me, and sometimes I grow desperate and am afraid to go to bed. I do not want this advance messenger, and would very gladly wait for the usual methods of communicating such intelligence. Then there is nothing gained by it, unless fright and anxiety are desirable conditions to be thrown into. Have you heard of such a case, and can you think of any way of escape from such an intolerable state of things?"

It seems to me that this most remarkable dreamer will be compelled to accept these strange experiences with all the philosophy she can possibly summon to her aid. These particulars should be at once placed before the Psychical Society, and the writer should not hesitate about giving her name, and she should be careful to give all her proofs. Every witness should be asked to tell his or her story in a straightforward manner. I have never heard of just such a case, though there are many on record which are equally unique and certainly inexplicable. This old gentleman would not be any more agreeable to me than to my correspondent, but I should brace up to the situation on the principle that there is no way of dodging the inevitable.

The new twin screw steamers Maine and New Hampshire, of the Stonington Line, resumed their Sunday trips to Stonington last week. This departure, inaugurated last season, is very popular with that portion of the public who cannot get away but one day in the week, as it gives them a full day's outing at Watch Hill, Narragansett Pier, and other Rhode Island shore resorts hitherto inaccessible on the first day of the week.

"Young Bride" writes that all her wedding gowns were made with trains, and now her husband, who is a physician, will not let her wear one of them on the street. He says they carry disease and contagion, and that the habit is a nasty one.

The words "will not let" made my blood circulate a little faster, but I am so deeply in sympathy with the husband's ideas in this matter that it did not boil as it perhaps should. There is nothing nastier on earth than this dragging of dry goods through tobacco spit and every kind of filth. I am metaphorically shaking hands with the husband, though of course he had no right to say that he *would not let* his wife wear whatever she pleased. If "Young Bride" will send to Miss M. G. Anderson, of No. 451 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., she will tell her how to shorten the skirts by means of a lift, which will hold them firmly and will not impair their graceful effect.

ELEANOR KIRK,
No. 698 Greene avenue.

OBITUARY.

DR. M. J. O'ROURKE.

Michael Joseph O'Rourke was born in county Sligo, Ireland, Jan. 6, 1848. His early education in his native place was of a classical nature, and tended much to shaping his future career. He left Ireland at the age of about 16 years, and arrived in this country in May, 1864. On his arrival he immediately enlisted in the navy as a gunner, serving in that capacity on the gunboat Fairy until the close of the war, when he was honorably discharged from the service. He then taught school in Memphis, Tenn., and Baltimore, Md., for several years; leaving the latter place, he entered college at Fordham, N. Y., where he took a classical course, and in 1873 commenced the study of medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York city, and at the Long Island Hospital College, Brooklyn, N. Y. In 1874 he was married to Margaret O'Shaughnessy of Binghampton, N. Y.; he then moved to St. Louis, Mo., where he finished his medical education in the Missouri Medical College in that city. He remained in St Louis as a practitioner until 1883 when he removed to Omaha, Neb., and in November, 1884, he left Omaha to enter into the U. S. army service at Fort Stanton, N. M. He practiced his profession satisfactorily there for two years, when he returned to Omaha, where he remained until November, 1890, at which time he came to Chicago and practiced his profession actively until a short time prior to his death, on the evening of July 3 1892. Dr. O'Rourke was a man of remarkable ability as a physician, and during his short residence in Chicago had attained a large practice and made hosts of warm friends. He was extremely generous to the poor and needy, a kind husband and indulgent father, and, though suffering for many months previous to his sad demise, at no time did he hesitate to respond to the calls of his patients in all kinds of weather and at all hours. He was of unswerving principle and of amiable disposition, honorable and upright and ever ready to do a charitable act. He is mourned by the entire community to which his labors were devoted.

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Make haste. Your baggage is all right, but have you got a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters? No! Then you have made a sad omission, and if you are troubled with stomachic qualms *en route*—if you are sea sick, my dear sir, or madam, you will have deserved your fate. How dreadfully the waves or the jarring of the engine or screw shakes you up! Now there is a mute but awful call to the ship's side. Now, if you had the Bitters along with you this wouldn't happen. Travelers and tourists, take our advice, and before you start on your yachting or ocean voyage, your coast-wise trip or inland outing, obtain the Bitters, and thus fortify yourselves against stomachic difficulties, malaria, dyspepsia and the effects of exposure in rough weather or bad diet or water. Take it, too, for biliousness, kidney trouble and rheumatism.

Two Harvest Excursions.

HALF RATES TO THE WEST.

Aug 30 and Sept. 27. On these dates the BURLINGTON ROUTE will sell tickets from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis to the farming districts of Nebraska, Colorado and Northern Kansas. Half rates will apply, and tickets will be good for twenty days. Nebraska in one year produced three hundred million bushels of corn, besides other grain, fruit and live stock. Write for free pamphlets, maps, etc., to P. S. EUSTIS, G. P. A., Burlington Route, Chicago, Ill.

NEWS FROM ROME.

Feast of Saint Louis of Gonzaga, the Most Popular of the Italian Canonized.

Amazing Genius of the Young Priest, the Rev. Joseph Hilfrich, a Student of the Austro-Hungarian College—Other News of Interest.

FEAST OF ST. LOUIS OF GONZAGA.

It seems scarcely a year since we assisted at the feast of this popular young saint in the beautiful Church of St. Ignatius, situated close by the noisy and worldly Corso, which is for Rome what Regent street is for London and the lively Broadway for New York. This is one of the most beautiful as well as devotional churches of the many hundreds in the grand Ecclesiastical City. Here the Italians enter and leave more silently and reverently than is their wont, for although they dearly love their churches, they never bear that exterior of hushed and respectful reverence seen in other nations when visiting the House of God. But the good people enter and leave the great Church of St. Ignatius, where silence and order hold their gentle though powerful sway, walking on tip toe down the aisles, and even the most turbulent-looking kneel in reverent awe before the altar of the blessed sacrament. The Italians have the greatest devotion for the memory of St. Louis de Gonzaga, and when forgetful of their duties, his name alone has often recalled a youthful prodigal to his senses, full of repentence and good resolutions for the future. St. Louis was born in Lombardy in 1568, and although a member of one of the then reigning families, he lived, in the Courts of Mantua and Madrid, a life of the most austere penitence and mortification. In the history of his life we read: "He had such entire control over himself that for several years he saluted the Empress Maria, daughter to Charles Quint, every day, without once looking at her face." Although so young and exposed to every kind of temptation, he is said to have

PRESERVED HIS BAPTISMAL INNOCENCE INTACT.

During a terrible epidemic which raged in Rome during 1591, the young noble who at 18 years of age had joined the Society of Jesus, devoted himself to the sufferers, and being himself seized with the disease, died a lingering death on June 20, 1592, when only 23 years of age. In 1605 he was declared beatified, and in 1726 his canonisation was solemnized. Pope Benedict XIII., by a Bull in 1729, named him the special protector of youth, and since that time all the students in the Roman colleges and other institutions, regularly meet on the Saint's feast day, in the Church of St. Ignatius where they make a general communion, and afterwards visit the tiny cell occupied by St. Louis when in Rome, and which is situated up interminable flights of stairs over the church itself. This year again the crowd pressed before the tomb of the holy youth from morning until the church was closed. It was richly decorated from pavement to roof and thousands of flowers and lights ornamented the beautiful tomb of the saint, which is so well known to all visitors. The number of communions on the 20th was enormous and the music was excellent.

FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

The Feast of St. John the Baptist was kept with the accustomed ceremonial in Rome. On the eve of St. John the *popolani* of the Eternal City met in the neighborhood of St. John Lateran to eat snails and roast pork. They are convinced that the snails' horns denote discord, and that it is necessary to bury them in their own bodies in order to signify that they wish to live in peace with their families and friends. But as the snails do not always quite agree with their friends, copious draughts of wine are also indulged in with the result that the would-be friends become enemies, and disputes, quarrels and *cottellati* (knife-stabbing) are the order for the night, for another of the traditions is that every one must stay out all night. This year has been considered to be most exceptionally peaceful, because although fighting enough went on, no one was actually killed, which is rare indeed. The music in the beautiful Church of St. John Lateran was, as usual, very fine.

SCHOLASTIC DISPUTATION.

The Gregorian University, according to its habit of selecting one of its most brilliant subjects to publicly sustain the most difficult thesis either in theology or philosophy at the end of each scholastic year, made a most brilliant choice this year in the person of the Rev. Joseph Hilfrich, student at the Austro-Hungarian College. The seance was held on Wednesday last, in the Church of St. Ignatius, before a large number of cardinals, prelates and clergy, as well as over one thousand students. There were 276 thesis on the programme, of which the four following were defended in a most remarkable manner by the young priest. The *argamentatori* were his Grace Monsignore Satolli, Titular Archbishop of Lepanto; Monsignore Trepepi, Monsignore Fontana, and the Rev. P. Doeblin, president of the Franciscan College of St. Isidore. The following cardinals were present, and frequently gave the signal for salvo after salvo of warm applause: Their Eminences Cardinals Aloisi-Masella, Melchers Serafino Vanutelli, Vincenzo Vanutelli, Mazella, Macchi and Zigliara. The holy father, as a special mark of approval, received the youthful and most talented young student on Friday in private and special audience, and complimented him most cordially. During the course of the audience the holy father recalled the fact that in his own youth he had once sustained a public theological disputation. In conclusion Leo XIII. bestowed two medals—one of gold, the other silver—upon the Rev. Father Hilfrich, whose profound learning reflects so much lustre upon the Gregorian University and its professors.

COUNT COURTEN.

Count Courten, the well known Colonel of the Swiss at the Vatican, was most enthusiastically feted on the Feast of St. Louis de Gonzague, his patron. A great number of prelates and friends of Count Courten met in the Belvedere Salle, in the Vatican, where the Swiss have what is known as their circolo—a kind of club—and publicly congratulated the popular colonel. There were several complimentary speeches made, and one and all warmly assured him that they were ready to obey his orders, and to die in the defense of the Pope, should they ever be called upon to do so, and there is not the slightest doubt but that they sincerely meant what they said. Colonel Courten is a well known figure at Rome. His kindly face and high stature stamp him exteriorally as an accomplished gentleman soldier. His fervent piety and charity make him also the model of a Christain soldier. His subordinates are all most devoted to their chief.

THE GOLDEN ROSE

As we have announced more than once, the Marchese Don Giulio Sacchetti has quitted Rome, bearer of the Golden Rose to the Queen of Portugal. The Marquis will place it in the hands of the Nuncio upon his arrival, and will be received at the Court with all the honors due to an Ambassador of the Pope.

THE NEW COLLEGE OF ST. ANSELM

We are assured that the work on the foundation of the new College of St. Anselm, on the Aventine Hill, will be terminated by the end of the present month. The college will receive *pensionnaries* belonging to all the Benedictine Congregations. The works were to have been commenced long ago, but owing to the financial difficulties of the Holy See had to be postponed. Our readers will remember that it is Leo XIII. who is the generous donor of the grand new college.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE.

At the Church of St. Maria in Publicolis, of which the noble family of Fiora are patrons, Mgr. Casali Del Drago the other day officiated at the marriage of the young Countess Santa Fiora and Prince Neri-Corsini. A large number of distinguished members of Roman society were present at the ceremony, which was celebrated with considerable pomp. Choice selections of sacred music were rendered by the choir.

THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN OF PADUA.

I learn from Florence that this feast was celebrated with great splendor in the Franciscan Church of Ognissanti, in that city. The devotions consisted of solemn high mass each morning at 11 o'clock during the octave, and in the evening solemn vespers, the anthem, "Si quaeris," and benediction of the most holy sacrament. On last Sunday evening, after vespers, the panegyric of the saint was preached by one of the fathers. The church was beautifully illuminated with over 1,500 candles. A large congregation attended the several devotions.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

Whether Pasteur and Koch's peculiar modes of treatment will ultimately prevail or not, their theory of blood-contamination is the correct one, though not original. It was on this theory that Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., nearly fifty years ago, formulated Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

How to Make Money.

I read in your valuable paper how William Evans tried selling pictures and wringers and did not succeed, and how he tried selling platers and made $28 a week. This gave me the idea that I might succeed. I also sent for one of H. F. Delso & Co.'s Lightning platers, of Columbus, Ohio, for $5, and received a fine machine that pleased several of my friends so well that I have sold four of them for $10 apiece and cleared $20, besides doing a large amount of plating. I tested the machine by plating a brass ring in ten minutes. Any one can make money selling these platers, or they can get all the work they can do and make from $90 to $30 a week, in plating in gold, silver or nickel. Every farm house I visited had spoons, knives and forks to plate. I hope others will profit by my experience, as I have profited by Mr. William Evans' experience.

B. F. O'DELL.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Good Farm Land For Sale.

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

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UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fonteney.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

BOOK II:—CHAPTER V.

Next morning saw the departure of Reté de Peronne to join his corps—the same in which his father served—in the division of De Grammont, now marching to the German frontier. The scene was an affecting one, as the young man, dressed in the rich blue uniform, laced with silver, of the Mousquetaires, bade farewell to his mother and sister, mounted his charger (which was jet black, in accord with the regulations of his troop) and rode off down the avenue, accompanied by a single attendant.

The assembled domestics cheered loudly; the countess and Eloise waved their handkerchiefs from the terrace. Saxe and Fergus waved their hats, and the young cavalier waved his hat gaily in return as he departed with light heart to his "baptism of fire."

A certain gloom reigned over the chateau during the remainder of the morning. The countess and her daughter kept secluded in their chambers, Saxe rambled forth for a chat with the officers of the garrison, and O'Ronan strolled in a rather *ennuye* and listless way along the river. The latter was already beginning to find his position monotonous and wearisome; he began to wonder how long he should have to remain thus in suspense and inaction, living in disguise and concealment, in banishment from his regiment. The thought that, after all his high martial hopes and yearnings, his comrades in arms should march to the field of combat without him, was particularly galling and distasteful.

He wondered what opinion had been formed in the regiment regarding his absence.

"Of course," he conjectured, "the captain will keep the cause of it a secret, but, good heavens, I hope he won't leave the boys under the impression that I am a deserter!"

About noon, returning to the main entrance of the chateau, he perceived the ladies about to get into a carriage which was in waiting on the gravel walk. The countess beckoned him forward.

"We are going to visit the shrine of St. Fursey, to say a prayer for the safety of the Count and Reté. Would you like to accompany us, monsieur?—perhaps you know that the great saint was a countryman of yours?"

He at once expressed his willingness to accompany them, handed them into the vehicle, and took his seat in front of them.

"Not to have heard of St. Fursey, and you an Irishman!—how very strange!" exclaimed the countess as they drove off.

"Excuse him, *ma mere*; the *metier* of the good saint was so different, you know, to that of Monsieur O'Ronan," hiding a smile of amusement behind her large, velvet-covered manuel of devotion.

"Pardon me, Madame la Comtesse," he explained; "although I may not have heard of the saint you mention, I have certainly heard of another of the same name—ay, and seen the ruins of his little chapel in the parish of Killursa, on the east bank of Lough Corrib, at home in Ireland."

"Why, child that is the identical holy man, the patron of our family!" exclaimed the countess with much interest, searching eagerly through the pages of her prayer-book:

"'Fintan, king of Munster, being compelled to fly from his province, sought shelter, with his wife, Gelges, daughter of Hugh the White, king of Connacht, in the island of Inishiquin, in Lough Orbsemor Corrib, where his brother, St. Brendan (the first discoverer of America), had built a monastery. Here, in the Cella Hospitum of Rathmaih, Gelges gave birth to a son, who was christened Fursey, or Furseus. Under the care of Brendan the child grew in wisdom and sanctity, and devoted himself to the service of God. He founded the church of Kil-Fursey (Killurs) on the shore of the lake, after which he and his brothers, Foillan and Uitan, went to preach the faith in the kingdom of Essex, where Fursey was kindly received by the Saxon king Sigebert, and founded the manastery of Cnobersburgh, or Burgh Castle, in Suffolk.

"'Coming from Britain to France, he found a good friend in Erchinald, mayor of the royal palace, who presented him to Clovis II. The latter, to induce Fursey to remain in his kingdom, gave him choice of ground whereon to build a monastery, and he then founded that of Lagny, on the River Marne, within six leagues of Paris, where now stand the three churches of Our Savior, St. Peter, and St. Fursey himself.

"'Fursey was very successful in his holy mission converting numerous souls, particularly in the neighborhood of Brie, his preaching being usually attended with wondrous miracles.

"'At length, appointing one of his disciples to govern the monastery of Lagny in his absence, he set out with the intention of visiting that which he had founded in England; but he fell sick at Mezeres and went to reap his heavenly reward on the 16 n of January, 648

"'By order of his friend Erchinald his body was conveyed to Peronne and placed in a gallery there till the church was ready for dedication. The ceremony did not take place for twenty six days, but at the end of that time the saint's body was found to be as free from stain or corruption as it had been on the day of his soul's departure to heaven, and for years afterwards it was to be seen spotless and untainted in a small chapel which was built for it at the east of the altar.

"'The festival of St. Fursey is kept on the 16th day of January, at Peronne, where he is honored as the patron saint.

"'The saint's brother, Foillan, obtained the crown of martyrdom in Flanders.'

"I hope I have not wearied you, monsieur," said the countess, as she shut up her book.

"Dull! on the contrary, my dear madame, you have highly interested me. I am happy to find a countryman in the patron saint of Peronne. I should be glad to learn more of St. Fursey."

"If so you had better search the chateau library for the history of his life by the learned D.. James Deamey, canon of the collegiate church of St. Fursey, which we are now going to, for therein you may read of the miracles of the saint, particularly of his wonderful vision—how his soul was borne up to the heaven before its time, and how its angel escort had to war with the demons for its possession, and how it was sent back again to earth. Now, monsieur, pray help us to alight."

The carriage stopping in front of the collegiate church, the three entered and knelt at the shrine of the saint. Fergus' orisons were rather shorter than those of his companions. As he arose from them he picked up a book that lay on one of the stalls and opened it. To his surprise he found it to be one of the first Catholic prayer books printed in Ireland, it being "A Manual of Devout Prayers," printed in Dublin in 1707; for publishing which one Malone had been deprived of the office of state printer, and prosecuted with John Dowling before the Queen's bench.

"I will take my book, monsieur, if you please," said a voice as he was still examining the volume. Turning, he was amazed to see Father O'Dowd. The latter recognized him on the instant. Mutual explanations followed. The priest, who had heard of the affair of De Riveul, had been appointed chaplain to the Regiment de Dillon, and had come to Peronne to meet and join it on its march.

Not long was it until there rose to the lips of Fergus the anxious inquiry that had been so long burning in his mind.

"Father, can you give me some tidings of Marion Bourke?"

"Wherefore do you ask?" queried Father Manus in some surprise.

"Because she is my affianced wife."

"Fergus!"

To the young man's ears the word seemed to express amazement, incredulity, indignation.

Thrusting his hand with sudden impulse into his bosom, he drew forth his precious packet—the letters he had received from Marion since his arrival in France, the plait of brown hair—and handed it to the clergyman.

"Observe this handwriting, father, in proof of my statement."

The clergyman did as requested, and immediately his demeanor underwent a striking change. He crushed the packet into the breast of his cassock, and made a stern reproving gesture as he noticed the frown which gathered on Fergus' brow at the act.

"My son, my son, you must kill this mad, boyish passion—for such I believe it is. Kill it, I entreat in heaven's name, for no good can ever come of it. Little you know how your strange disclosure has pained me. You a suitor for the hand of Marion Bourke!—you an amorous correspondent of one who——"

"But, father——"

"Peace! peace! Banish her image from your heart. Efface it for ever from your memory. Do not ask me of her whereabouts or what has befallen her. Suffice that she has left Rappa—left it, I believe, for ever. This much I tell you, Fergus O'Ronad, that she can never be your wife—never!"

And turning suddenly on his heel, the priest walked with vehement stride from the church.

Fergus' state of mind was indiscribable. He stood as if petrified, gazing blankly after the retiring form of Father O'Dowd. His head and heart seemed in a whirl as he strove to realize the full, chilling depressing nature of the clergyman's earnest exhortation:

Give up Marion Bourke! Tear her image and memory from his bosom, for she could never be his! What dark stroke of fate was this!

He was recalled to himself by the soft touch of Eloise on his shoulder, by the sound of her gentle voice in his ear.

"*Ciel!* how pale you are, monsieur! One would think you had seen a spectre. Who is that strange abbé?"

"The new chaplain of our regiment, madame," replied he, after a little hesitation. "He is after arriving from Paris."

"*Helas! mon ami*, I fear he has not brought you good news."

He shook his head sadly.

"Truly he has not."

She surveyed him for a few minutes in silence, and then eagerly whispered as if visited by sudden alarm:

"It is not of De Riveul?—*mon Dieu!* he is not dead?"

"Not of him, madame; I believe your ardent admirer is still in existence."

There was a slight tinge of sarcasm in his voice, for at that moment a fierce, unreasoning thrill of jealousy shot through his breast, why he knew not. But on their return drive to the chateau there was a new, exciting feeling in his heart—secret, joyous, exultant, but rather guilty—when ever his glance rested on the beauteous, winning countenance of Eloise.

"Well, be it so, Father Manus," he said in a strangely exultant way to himself; "if the old passion must be torn from my heart it is easy to supplant it with a newer and a brighter flame. '*Dum vivimus vivamus.*' Love levels all, and the heart that fixed itself on the daughter of a proud Bourke of Rappa must now hunger for the affections of a high-born damsel of the *sangue azul* of *la belle France!*'

And he now began to take tenfold more delight in the company of Eloise.

That same evening, as the crimson sunset beams were gilding the clustered vanes and tourelles of the chateau, and flashing on the broad bosom of the broad river, they walked together in the garden, which to O'Ronan seemed a very near approach to Eden.

It was a pretty place, with an intricacy of walks leading among blooming parterres and shrubs cut into the shapes of various animals—a favorite gardening conceit of the period. There were several curious arbors, one of these being built in the shape of a Turkish kiosk, and gay with colored brick, carving, and gilding. It was shaded with majestic elms, and looked forth upon a large lilied pond tenanted by a pair of noble swans, whose white bosoms occasionally rippled the smooth water and shivered the reflections of the trees and statues.

Here he and his fair companion took their seats, now conversing on this or that topic, and now silently observing the graceful movements of the stately birds before them.

The discourse had assumed a peculiarly interesting turn, and our hero, recklessly casting to the winds a troublous scene of abusing the confidence and hospitality of the Peronne household, was on the brink of a certain bold and ardent declaration, when the attention of both was arrested by a lusty voice carolling an amorous *chansonette* of Henri Quatre:

"Viens Aurore,
Je t'implore,
Je suis gai quand je te vois;
Et la bergere
Qui m'est chere
Est vermeille comme toi.

"Elle est blonde,
Sans seconde;
Elle a la taille a la main;
Sa prunelle
Etincelle
Comme l'astre du matin.

"De vosee
Arrosé,
La rose a moins de fraicheur;
Que ermine"——

But the song suddenly ceased, and instead was heard an exclamation of wrathful astonishment and the angry rustle of a paper. They saw Saxe coming along the path, his brow knit with displeasure, his gaze fixed on the chief French newspaper of the day, *Le Mercure Francois*."

"Here is a pretty state of affairs, my friends," he said, as perceiving them he came at once into the summer-house. "My nephew was run through the body a few nights ago and up to this I have not heard of it—run through the body by a rascally Irish soldier and left for dead on the street. *Morbleu!* and all for trying to run away with a young lady!"

"The young lady's name is not given, general?" coolly inquired Eloise, while a flush leaped to the face of O'Ronan.

"Peste! no madame; why should it? Her squalls and screams brought the scoundrelly Irlandais to her assistance. Tudieu! she must have had lofty taste to object to Antoine, one of the finest fellows in the Carbineers. Pshaw! some paltry wench, I'll be bound—some confounded—ahem—silly, inane, giggling hussy—some——"

Fergus sprang to his feet, with ire blazing in his eyes, but Eloise laid a gentle detaining hand on his shoulder.

"Before you proceed further, general," she said, addressing Saxe, "I may as well inform you that I am the 'paltry wench' who had the poor taste to object to your nephew."

"And I," cried Fergus, "am the scoundrelly Irlandais who taught him a lesson he may not readily forget."

To say that De Riveul's uncle was nonplussed would be to use too weak a term. He was routed horse, foot, and artillery. Never in all his campaigning had he experienced such a complete overthrow. Turning on the instant he quitted the summer-house and the garden, and that same evening he left the chateau, bidding a hasty adieu to the countess, and begging her to excuse him to her daughter and "Monsieur Baudin."

"I fear he will work for your harm—he and Madame de Pompadour," said Eloise anxiously to the latter individual.

"For your sake I am willing to brave the worst—for your sake, dearest Eloise!"

A week flew by like a dream of enchantment; the refugee had no longer reason to murmur at monotony or ennui.

At length, one evening when he and Eloise were on the battlement, the breeze bore a familiar marching tune to his ears, and his heart swelled as he saw a long scarlet column defiling through the streets of Peronne. It was the Regiment de Dillon.

The same evening a brief epistle was placed in his hands:

"*Monsieur Baudin, alias O'Ronan:* Please lose no time in joining your regiment—*not* that of Picardy. You need be under no apprehension from SAXE."

"Heaven send you back to me in safety!" fervently exclaimed Eloise, when he had resumed his uniform; and she cried more after him than she had done after Reté.

When he had bade adieu to her and the countess, and proceeded to report himself to Lieut Col. Mannery, who commanded the regiment in the absence of Count Dillon, he had a dark braid of female hair in his bosom, vice the brown one that had been confiscated by Father O'Dowd.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC POETRY.

Sgeul an Fhathaigh.

A g-cuala sibh sgeul an fhathaigh mhóir sin
Thainic go dé sheanach ó Iarthar Eireann
Go ti an tir so, le tabhairt a threunais
Chum airgid gnothugh' do féin 's d'a mhuintir?

Bhi sé chó árd le crann 's na collitibh,
Nior theastuigh mó dá de sheacht lán troighthe,—
Chó direach is saighid, chó treun le Ercoil,
Gan braon 'na chorp acht full na nGaedheal-fhear.

Acht mo bhrón ort, Uí Charnaigh na ngeug mór láidir,
Nar fhan sa m-baile air bhruach na mara,
Ad dhuthaigh féin ann a bh-full fós daoine
Nar thréig 's ni thréigfidh caint a sinnsear.

Cá raibh na daoine dar chóir thu theagmhail
Chó luath a's chuir tu cos 'san tir so?
Cá raibh na daoine labharas do theanga,
Dar chóir thu threoiriugh' san áit dob áil leat?

Cá raibh na sagairt ded chreideamh féinig,*
Saoilitear bheith réidh chum deoraidh mhúineadh,—
Do thabhairt do dhaoinibh bochta có mhairle,
'S d'a d-taisbeant slighe aoin áit' 'san tir so?

Ni raibh siad ann, óir nior labhairis Beurla,
A' ni'l mó áu spéis' ag sagairt' a nGaedhilig,—
'Sé sin le rádh, na sagairt Seoinfaidhe,
Easondireas Eire 'sa clann 'san tir so

Bhi daoine ó'n bh-Fraine, ó'n Spain 's ó'n Gearmain
Le labhairt leat cainte leith an domhain mhóir,
Acht ni raibh duine do thabhairt fáilte
Do 'a fhear ó Eirinn nar labhair acht Gaedhilig!

A Thighearna mhóir! agus mi te de dhaoinibh
A g-cathair New York a labharas Gaedhilig!
'Sé an scannail is mó do tharla riamh
O thainic aon duine air d-tús ó Eirinn!

MAC C.

* Féinig—this word is often used for "féin" in Munster.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6 th day of December, A. D 1888

{SEAL}

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

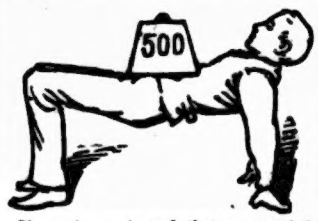
Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p. m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

Literary Notes.

The August *Century* will contain an illustrated article on "An Ascent of Fuji the Peerless." Japan's great sacred mountain is called variously Fuji-no-yama, Fuji-san, Fujiyama, Fusiyama, and Fuji plain and simple, but the first two are considered the proper spellings.

St Nicholas Magazine has been getting suggestions from its readers as to a national song. "The Star Spangled Banner" seems to have the strongest existing claim to that honor, but one young person, who objects to the words but thinks well of the music, makes the novel proposition to fit the words of "My Country 'Tis of Thee" to the music of "The Star Spangled Banner." The editor of *St Nicholas* suggests that she seek some quiet place and try the effect of mixing the two very cautiously.



It's a strong stomach that can stand the ordinary pills, with their griping and violence. What kind of a man or woman can it be who buys them?

It's some one who doesn't know about Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—that's certain. They're better—they're the *best*, in every trouble of the liver, stomach, and bowels. They do more good, do it easily and naturally, and do it so that it *lasts*—cleansing and regulating the whole system. Sick and Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Dizziness, are surely prevented, quickly relieved, and permanently cured.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, too, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[New York Critic.]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[New York Nation, July 21.]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[Chicago Herald.]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[Bismarck Tribune.]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[New York Times.]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[New York Herald.]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[New York Independent.]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[The Home Magazine.]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[Scranton (Pa.) Truth.]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[Chicago Morning News.]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[Chicago Evening Journal.]

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MILITIA AT HOMESTEAD

Governor Pattison Orders Out the Soldiers.

IT CAUSES INTENSE EXCITEMENT.

The News Received by the Strikers at Homestead at About the Midnight Hour.

The Entire National Guard of Pennsylvania, About 8,000 Strong to Take a Hand in the Celebrated Strike of the Carnegie Mill Hands—Regiments and Companies from All Parts of the State Given Orders Promptly and Start for the Scene of Trouble.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., July 7.—There were bloody deeds done at Homestead yesterday. At 4 o'clock in the morning two barges containing 300 Pinkerton men, hired to guard the Carnegie mills here, arrived in tow of a small steamer and attempted to land at the mills. The locked-out employes at once rallied to prevent it, and a battle was fought, in which a number of men were killed and wounded on both sides.

Pinkertons Left to Their Fate.

Later in the morning the Pinkerton men made another attempt to land, and were again repulsed with considerable loss in killed and wounded on each side. The steamer towing the barges in which were the Pinkerton men then left the barges tied to the bank while it carried the wounded men to Braddock. On its return it was driven away by a heavy fusillade from the workingmen, and the barges containing the imported guards were thus left without any hope of rescue.

Surrender of the Guards.

All day the former employes of Carnegi & Co. on the banks kept up a fire [illegible] barges from rifles and revolv[illegible] using two small cannon, but [illegible] damage was done until dyn[illegible] used and attempts made to fir[illegible] with burning oil.

Then the Pinkerton men on the barg[illegible] put up flags of truce, and at 5 o'clock their offer of surrender was accepted.

They were then taken ashore, and after being disarmed and roughly treated by the mob were shut up for the night.

Turned Over to the Sheriff.

At midnight a special train from Pittsburg came up in charge of Sheriff McCleary, and the Pinkerton men were sent to the Pittsburg county jail. President Wiehe and Hugh O'Donnell counselled no violence, and the men did not again meet the guards. Most of the men were badly bruised and crippled. Eleven were sent to the Pittsburg hospital.

MILITIA ORDERED OUT.

Governor Pattison Takes Action in the Homestead Trouble.

HARRISBURG, Pa., July 11.—The entire division of the national guard of Pennsylvania, about 8,400 men, have been ordered to Homestead to support Sheriff McCleary in suppressing the riots at that [illegible]. This action of the governor was the result of the receipt of a dispatch from Sheriff McCleary to the effect that he was [illegible]

GOVERNOR PATTISON.

powerless to enforce the law at Homestead and that only a large military force would be adequate to control matters. The governor immediately issued orders to General George R. Snowdon to call out the whole national guard and proceed to Homestead, and General Snowden, with the adjutant general and the quartermaster general, at once proceeded to formulate the orders for the mobilization of the guard.

TROOPS ON THE MOVE.

The Boys in Blue Turn Their Faces Toward Homestead.

PHILADELPHIA, July 11.—At and around the armories of the national guard Monday morning the scenes were active and warlike. Officers and men in full uniform were bustling around and on every side the active preparations to go to the front were to be seen. From 5 o'clock on the boys in blue were constantly reporting at the armories in response to the summons they had received in the earlier morning hours. Colonel Wendell P. Bowman's regiment, the First, had the post of honor. It was the first to leave its armory at Broad and Callow Hill streets, 578 men strong. The regiment has only a membership of 630 men and the fifty-two men who were absent were either off on their vacations or were incapacitated from duty by reason of illness.

The Boys in Good Shape.

The Second regiment, under the command of Colonel Bosbyshell, marched at 10 o'clock from the armory. There were 237 men in line out of the 251. They followed the First regiment in their march down Broad street and out Market to the old Pennsylvania railroad depot at Thirty-second and Market streets. The officers have been drilling the men every night for several weeks past in anticipation of going into camp, and they are thoroughly disciplined, well versed in the tactics, thoroughly drilled in methods of handling armed or unarmed mobs, and, as the officers declare, in the very best possible shape to cope with the strikers at Homestead.

The Pittsburg Contingent.

PITTSBURG, July 11.—The troops left Pittsburg at 2 p. m. Monday for Brighton Station, where they met the Third brigade. From Brighton they went to Homestead via the Pittsburg, Virginia and Charleston railroad, reaching Homestead late in the afternoon. Battery B marched overland to Brighton, leaving Pittsburg about noon. They took with them two gatling guns and a twelve-pound field piece.

More Troops on the Way.

SCRANTON, Pa., July 11.—The Thirteenth regiment, numbering 455 men, left by special train for Lewistown at 9 a. m. Monday.

COLUMBIA, Pa., July 11.—Company C of this city and Company I of Wrightsville left at 11:30 a. m. for Homestead. There was great excitement at the depot.

EXCITEMENT AT HOMESTEAD.

Strikers Hold a Meeting and Resolve to Welcome the Militia.

HOMESTEAD, July 11.—Intense excitement was created Sunday night by the announcement that the Pennsylvania militia, 8,000 strong, had been ordered out and would center in Homestead. The news flashed over the wires to this city at 11:01 p. m., and a few minutes later it had come to the ears of the strikers. At first the report was received with incredulity, but a few inquiries among the press representatives convinced them that it was right.

Will Welcome the Troops.

A mass-meeting of citizens, members of the advisory committee, and locked out employes was called Monday morning to consider the coming of the troops. It was decided unanimously to receive the national guard with open arms. All the workingmen's lodges were directed to assemble when the troops arrive and escort them with bands and music to the rendezvous. The greatest enthusiasm marked the meeting and the name of Governor Pattison was frequently cheered.

Cost of the Strike.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., July 8.—The strike at the Carnegie Steel mills is a costly affair to both the company and the mills. The product of the mills when they are running in full blast is valued at about $38,000 a day. The cost of running the mills is from $19,000 to $26,000 a day. For wages every day is expended from $15,000 to $20,000, and about $4,000 worth of material is used when the mills are running on full time. The company is understood to figure its loss of profits at $6,000 or $8,000 a day, and the men lose something like $15,000 every day they are idle.

Bruised and Battered Pinkertons.

NEW YORK, 8.—A special train arrived at Jersey City from Pittsburg at 2:30 a. m. with 272 of the bruised and battered Pinkerton men driven out of Homestead. They presented a sorry sight as they limped away in charge of Pinkerton officials. Their stories agree with those already published. One man said that Captain Cooper offered a passing steamboat man $2,000 and then $5,000 to tow the barges away, but he was afraid to come near.

ST. JOHNS DEVASTATED.

A Raging Conflagration Sweeps Through the Newfoundland City.

HALIFAX, N. S., July 11.—The most disastrous fire in the history of St. John's, Nd., broke out yesterday afternoon during a heavy northwest gale. It swept a section of the city clear of buildings, among those destroyed being the Masonic temple, the Methodist college, Gower Street Methodist church, the majestic cathedrals of the English and Catholic church, built at a cost of over $500,000, the Orange hall, the palace of Bishop Jones, the St. Patrick's hall, the Christian Brothers' school, the Presentation convent, the supreme court building and police headquarters, the government offices, government savings bank, and the Presbyterian church.

Parliament Buildings Destroyed.

LATER.—A dispatch from St. Johns states that the fire has destroyed the parliament buildings. At last accounts 800 buildings had been destroyed and six lives had been lost. Much suffering exists among the people who are made homeless, and the mayor has appealed to other cities for relief.

Relief for the Sufferers.

The victims are six children and one man. Two-thirds of the buildings of the city have been destroyed and from 15,000 to 20,000 people are camping in the fields. Everything is destroyed from Birch's Cove east to the wharves of the Allan line. The mayor of Halifax has appointed a relief committee and authorized the sending of $4,000 worth of food by steamer. General Sir John Ross will forward tents to accommodate 1,200 people, and Admiral Hopkins is co-operating by holding the fast cruiser Magicienne in readiness to transport supplies of food.

CUT OFF HIS HEAD.

Ravachol, the Anarchist, Dies on the Guillotine.

PARIS, July 11.—Ravachol, the anarchist and murderer, was guillotined at Montbrison at 4:07 o'clock Monday morning. Ravachol was one of the most extraordinary criminals of the age. His first murder was that of the hermit of Chambles, brother of Jacques Brunel, in the month of June, 1891. Brunel was an old man of 90 who lived in a state of solitude amidst the Froez mountains. The motive which prompted the commission of the deed was robbery. Ravachol was arrested but escaped. Six weeks later he killed and robbed two old ladies at St. Etienne. He escaped without being arrested.

RAVACHOL.

Robbed a Grave.

About the same time he robbed the grave of Baroness de Rochetailles near St. Etienne. In 1886, near La Varizelle, he killed an old man of 80, Jean Baptiste Rivollier, noted for his charity. He also killed an old woman servant of Rivollier. Besides these crimes he was suspected of many others previous to his dynamite operations in Paris which caused the loss of several lives and destruction of much property.

Trouble in the Coeur D'Alene Mines.

MINNEAPOLIS, July 11.—A special to The Journal from Spokane, Wash., says that a repetition of the Homestead slaughter has begun in the Coeur d'Alene mining region. The report came Sunday night that three non-union miners had been killed by union men. Monday morning a report comes that the Frisco mine has been blown up by dynamite. The union men are resolved to drive every non-union man out of this mining district. The women and children have been moved from the mining camps to places of safety.

GUARDED BY SOLDIERS.

The Militia Encamped Near the Carnegie Mills.

BAYONETS BRISTLE AT HOMESTEAD.

Eighth Avenue from City Farm Lane to Munhall Closed to Civilians—Homesteaders Arise at Break of Day and Turn Out to Receive the Boys in Blue—Governor Willey Appeals to the President for Troops.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., July 12.—At break of day the citizens of Homestead were out of their beds ready to receive the national guard of the state of Pennsylvania. The troops were expected early, but they did not come and it was several hours before the delay was explained. Throngs of people gathered about the telegraph offices and headquarters of the locked out men anxiously awaiting news of the approach of the troops. At 9 o'clock dispatches were received from Blairsville announcing that the troops had left that point at 11 o'clock Monday night and were on their way to Homestead. A dispatch from Grapeville stated that a wreck at that point had detained the first section of troops and the trains were stopped near Radeburg telegraph tower. Still another dispatch stated that the second division of troops had passed Latrobe at 8:50 a. m.

Unexpected Arrival.

The troops arrived unexpectedly from the east via special trains on the Pittsburg, McKeesport and Youghiogheny railroad and left the cars at the station close by the fence of the steel works. Major General Snowden and Adjutant Greenland were in command. The Eighteenth regiment was the first to arrive. There were two trains containing the Fifth, Tenth, Twelfth and Eighteenth regiments. A number of freight cars with sixty horses and two gondola cars with three gatling guns and two cannon. Several companies were at once placed on guard and Eigth avenue from City Farm lane to Munhall is closed to civilians. The advisory committee of the locked out men met at once and decided to wait upon the officers in charge of the troops in order to ascertain what restrictions will be placed upon private citizens.

Soldiers in Camp.

There were few people at the station when the train arrived. They were nearly all locked out men. They watched the soldiers sullenly while they unloaded their arms and cannon. In a few minutes the news spread and thousands of people flocked to the streets around the station, and remained there while the troops moved into camp. The camp of the National guard is on a plateau at the top of a high hill, directly south of the Carnegie mill property and the City Farm mills and overlooks not only the Carnegie plant but the borough of Homestead and many miles of surrounding country. The camp is about three hundred yards distant from the celebrated high fence which incloses the mills and the City Farm.

Made Themselves Comfortable.

Guards are stationed along Eighth avenue upon which street the mills front. The troops suffered considerably from the heat as they marched from the railroad up the steep hill to their camp. When the different regiments had taken their positions the men threw themselves upon the ground and, stretching their rubber blankets from the bayonets of four muskets, formed a screen from the rays of the sun. The camp ground is a meadow from which the grass had not been cut, and it made a very comfortable resting place for the men, most of whom were tired out after their all night ride in the cars. It took several hours to unload the men and move them to their stations on the hill. That the troops did not come to Homestead upon any idle errand is shown by the fact that each trooper has ten rounds of ammunition and equipped for active service.

CŒUR D'ALENE TROUBLE.

Governor Willey Calls on President Harrison for Federal Troops.

WALLACE, Ida., July 12.—The strained relations between the union and non-union miners in the Cœur d'Alene district culminated Monday morning in a pitched battle between the miners. The number of killed so far as can at present be learned is five and sixteen wounded. The killed are: Gus Carlson, union miner; Harry Cummings, union miner; James Hennessy, miner from Butte, Mont., shot in the breast; two non-union men, names unknown. The wounded: John Ward, citizen of Gem; Hugh Campbell, struck with a rifle over the head, not dangerously injured; J. W. Gankardoger, union miner, shot through hip, will die; Gam Peters, from Tacoma, shot in the head, but not fatally; George Pettibone, union miner, shot through the hand.

Appeal for Federal Troops.

Late Monday evening Governor Willey sent the following to President Harrison:

"This morning riot and bloodshed by the striking miners of the Cœur d'Alene district commenced. A mill was blown up by dynamite and many men were killed and injured. Inspector General Curtis, I. N. G., informs me that four or five hundred armed men constitute the mob. The legislature is not in session and cannot be promptly convened. The civil authorities of the county and state is inadequate to maintain peace. The immediate available military force of the Idaho National guard numbers only 198 men, which is in my opinion far too few to successfully cope with the mob, though I will order it at once into the field. In this emergency I deemed it necessary to call for the assistance of federal troops. I therefore request that a sufficient force be detailed from Fort Sherman or elsewhere to act in concert with the state authorities in maintaining public order."

Cause of the Trouble.

The cause of the strike was the demand of the union miners of the district for $3.50 a day for every man working under ground. The mine owners held that unskilled laborers should be paid only $3. When the miners refused to accept the scale the mines were closed. The owners declared that the excessive freight rates were the cause of the reduction. The lockout was begun April 1 by the Mine Owners' association, and 3,000 union miners were thrown out of work. Since then the mine owners have been making a struggle to run their mines with non-union men under guard. The tension has been intense for months, and the opinion has prevailed that only a spark was needed to start a riot. The example of Homestead and the decision of the United States courts at Boise City granting a perpetual injunction against the Miners' union brought matters to a head.

To Overthrow the Pinkertons.

BOSTON, July 12.—A secret organization of workingmen called "Our Own club," according to The Herald, was formed in this city Sunday for the purpose of giving union workmen military training. The men who took the oath of allegiance state that the time has come when the working people of this country must prepare to overthrow the Pinkertons, or any similar body of what they term "hired assassins and mercenary desperadoes." Sub-committees were appointed to organize branches of the society in every industrial center of the commonwealth, and no man will be permitted to join unless he is a wage-earner and can successfully answer certain pertinent questions.

PEELER'S FINANCIAL EXPERIENCE.

He Travels Around to Get Posted on the Silver Question.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—Edward J. Peeler, of San Francisco, who has traveled 8,000 miles looking into the silver question, is now in this city. He says he visited Mexico, Central America, and part of the southern continent. Before leaving San Francisco he bought Mexican dollars. They are practically equal to our standard dollars in weight, and are no better in fineness. In Mexico those were worth about 69 cents. That country comes about as near as any to free coinage. Unlimited quantities of this coinage goes into the markets of the world. They go to China for whatever silver bullion is worth, but they are measured against gold there.

Have "Tin" Money in Bolivia.

They go to Japan but seldom return from there. It is a local coin but not redeemable in gold by its own government, and always falls to its value in bullion. It passes for 69 cents into whatever market it is paid, and her doller is better than that of the territories south of her. The dollar of Guatemala will not go into the commercial world at any price except as bar silver. The coinage of Bolivia is worse, because the quality of metal is not fine. They call it tin money. Before going into Chili, Mr. Peeler changed his Mexican money for pesos, getting $1.10 of Chilian silver for a Mexican dollar.

Foreign Goods Sold Only for Gold.

The Chilian dollar had to be changed for Honduras money, which passes at the rate of $1.25 for Chilian dollar. In Colombia he would have had to pay $9 in silver for $5 of gold. He did not see gold in any form down there. He met many commercial travelers from the Pacific coast of the United States, also from England, Germany and Spain. Every one of them carried instructions to make his bills payable in gold coin, No man will sell goods on any other basis there. A silver proposition will not be taken in consideration.

ONE OF OUR MERRY WARS.

Rival Natural Gas Companies Make Things Easy for the Consumers.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12.—The combined natural gas companies of this state and the corporation that was organized to run a pipe line from the gas belt to Chicago are at open war with each other, and there are prospects of lively times in the gas belt as a result of the fight between the two rival organizations. When the Indiana companies combined and began to lease land in the gas belt they found that the other company had anticipated them in a number of sections where the gas was most abundant; that it would not only continue its line in the direction of Chicago, but would become a competitor for local business in all the more important cities and towns that lie along the line of its proposed route to Chicago, the intention being to pipe these cities and make local business a part of the system.

Getting Their Gas for Nothing.

In this manner the company proposed to compete with the local companies, at the same time reap a part of the profits from the gas belt until such time as the main line could be completed. As the legal obstacles which have been thrown in its way all relate to piping the gas from the state, no hindrance could be made to piping for local business, and several cities have been piped and the work of making contracts has been begun. The combined companies have met this with a reduction in rates, and in Kokomo and some smaller towns the war has become so intense that monthly contracts are being made and the gas furnished for nothing. It is the purpose of the combined companies to reduce rates in every city piped by the Chicago company, and the latter is pledging itself to meet any reduction that is made.

The Base Ball Records.

CHICAGO, July 12.—With two men on bases and only one man out Anson yesterday refused to take a base on balls, throwing his bat at the ball. He was humored, a ball was lined over the plate, which he hit straight to a Boston fielder, who caught it, made a double play, and won the game. This was in the ninth inning. Scores: At Chicago—Boston 3, Chicago 2; at Pittsburg—Brooklyn 8, Pittsburg 7; at Cincinnati—New York 8, Cincinnati 12; (second game) New York 2, Cincinnati 4; at St. Louis—Baltimore 4, St. Louis 3; at Cleveland—Philadelphia 5, Cleveland 7.

Western: At Omaha—Toledo 5, Omaha 20; at Kansas City—Indianapolis 6, Kansas City 4. Illinois-Iowa: At Jacksonville—Joliet 6, Jacksonville 5; at Rock Island—Rockford 5, Rock Island-Moline 9.

The Elections in England.

LONDON, July 12.—Returns from the elections up to last midnight show that in all 198 Conservatives and twenty seven Liberal-Unionists have been elected, making a total against Irish home rule of 225. The Liberals elected, including labor, number 170. Thirty Irish Nationalists and anti-Parnellites have been elected and five Parnellites. The Liberals and anti-Parnellites number 200. The net Liberal gain so far in the election is thirty-two.

Aid for the St. John's Destitute.

CHICAGO, July 12.—A number of ex-residents of St. John's, Nd., held a meeting at the Grand Pacific hotel yesterday and appointed a committee to solicit aid for the sufferers of that fire-stricken city. A dispatch was ordered sent to to the colonial secretary of Newfoundland requesting him to furnish the press associations an official statement of the needs of the people.

No Favors from Carnegie.

PITTSBURG, July 12.—The Typographical union of this city has resolved that the city council should return to Andrew Carnegie the gift of a public library, because the money was originally obtained through the "blood of fellow-workmen."

Boston has a colored Samson who, it is said, once lifted three tons of iron clear from the ground.

BRIEF INFORMATION.

Events of a Week Condensed for the Busy Reader.

Mrs. Daniel Walmer, living near Fairfield, Ia., was fatally burned while trying to rescue her children from her house, which had been set on fire by lightning.

In a battle with Tonquinese pirates the French army lost sixteen killed and seventeen wounded.

James Murphy shot and killed William Faubion at Chapel Hill, Ind., at the door of a church. Faubion was ordered away and was leaving when Murphy shot him in the back. Murphy escaped.

Dr. Pringle of Montego Bay, Jamaica, has succeeded in distilling banana brandy on an extensive scale.

While crossing the Rock Island tracks near Fairfield, Ia., Nat. Dubois and a team of horses were instantly killed by a construction train.

The bishop of Chester has given express permission for dancing. He find Bibica authority to be on the side of dancing, and does not see why people should not indulge in it.

Mrs. A. M. Smith, colored, of St. Paul, shot and killed an unknown white man at Lake Owo-so. The trouble arose over the fencing of part of the lake by Charles Heneige, a market gardener, for whom Mrs. Smith was housekeeper. The man was fishing on forbidden ground, warned away, and in a fight with Heneige was killed by Mrs. Smith.

Dr. Brown-Sequard has not lost faith in his famous elixir, despite the attacks made upon it. At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences he declared that its use had made him ten years younger and that thousands of people had been cured with it.

The Hon. J. D. Washburn, American minister to Switzerland, will resign his post in September, it is stated, and return home. He has been absent three years, and his personal business interests have suffered much from neglect.

General Manager Gibbs, of South Dakota's state World's fair commission, has announced that its plans for an exhibit at Chicago are practically completed.

Miss Nellie Franklin and William Hughes were married while seated in a buggy at the corner of Sedalia's busiest thoroughfare. Miss Nellie's mother was close at hand and haste was necessary.

John Boxmeyer, aged 3 years, poisoned his 9 month-old sister Mary by pouring the contents of a bottle of laudanum into her mouth. When asked why he did it he replied: "I gave baby that bottle because I not want it around here."

The emperor of Japan has conferred upon Sir Edwin Arnold the Order of the Rising Sun. By this mark of imperial favor Sir Edwin becomes of Chokumin rank in Japan, being classed with privy councillors.

* * *

Benjamin Wren of Belleflower, Ills., met James Lamb of Leroy near the postoffice at Leroy and stabbed him in several places. Wren was captured. Lamb is in a critical condition and Wren is in jail at Bloomington.

At Corinne, U. T., a skyrocket plunged along the street instead of ascending. In the course the stick broke and was driven into the breast of Mrs. H. L. Winn, instantly killing her.

At the expiration of his term Police Commissioner Obermann of Milwaukee was superseded by George W. Porth. His favoring of the Bennett law is assigned as the reason of his not being reappointed.

Near Glidden, Wis., Karl Kiver stabbed William Wolf in the breast twice with a dirk, inflicting wounds from which he died in a few minutes. The tragedy occurred during the progress of a dance.

Hiram Campbell of Bourbon, Ind., was stripped and beaten by White Caps and ordered to leave town. He had been taking the gold cure and had broken the rules of the treatment.

While trying to ford Cedar Creek at Hileman, Ia., Mr. and Mrs. Robert Innis and their 4 year-old child were drowned.

Dr. Tragott Beck of Newark, N. J., has been arrested in Ebling, Wurtemburg, Germany, for using language disrespectful to the emperor while talking to an acquaintance.

Having become involved in a quarrel at a picnic near Grand View, Ind., James and Chris Sutton, brothers, aged respectively 21 and 24 years, fought a duel with clubs, which resulted in the death of the latter.

Bill Williams was arrested at Henrietta, Tex., charged with the murder of Maud Kramer, one of the three women who were victims of the recent mysterious killing at Denison.

Asa W. Balfour, deputy sheriff of Kiowa county, Kans., was shot and killed by horse thieves whom he was trying to arrest.

William O'Brien was struck in the temple with a stone at Dublin. The Parnellites attacked him and his friends, and the wound was received in the midst of a fierce fight in spite of the efforts of the police to protect him.

Cholera has crossed the Volga, spreading from the Asiatic dependencies into European Russia.

* * *

Stocks of wheat continue to decrease, and corn and oats to increase.

General Longstreet's history of the civil war is about ready for the printer. It is to be revised by Mr. J. P. Moran, of the staff of the Atlanta Constitution.

Edgar Jones, a colored murderer, was taken from the Weston (W. Va.) jail by a mob and hanged.

Robert L. Garner has sailed from New York to the west coast of Africa to endeavor to converse with big monkeys in the interior, it being his claim that he has mastered their language.

The exports of cutlery from Sheffield, England, to America in the last three months amounted in value to £33,000, as against £21,000 in the same period in 1891.

The London Times correspondent at Christiania predicts that unless the Separatist movement in Norway is firmly checked by the crown it will eventually result in the disruption of the dual kingdom and a war with Sweden.

Two prisoners named Hall and Gilkerson, charged respectively with pocket picking and burglary, escaped from the Kankakee, Ills., jail by pulling down part of a poorly constructed wall.

For voting against the free coinage bill recently passed by the senate in Washington, indignant citizens of Ogden, Utah, hanged Senators Warren and Carey of Wyoming in effigy.

The value of the oysters consumed in London yearly is about $8,000,000.

Representatives of the French government are buying horses in Ireland for their cavalry.

Upon assigning a portion of a prospective legacy to Stiles Carter, to whom he owed $245, Phillip Bullion was released from the Goshen, Ind., jail, where he had been confined nearly three years for debt.

Mail matter is now sent from Paris to Berlin in thirty-five minutes by means of the pneumatic tube.

From the beginning to the end of the war of the rebellion there were 268,000 deserters from the Union armies.

The tallest oak tree in Great Britain is known as the "Duke's Walking-stick," and is higher than the spire of Westminster Abbey.

All the tickets for the summer performance at Beyruth have been sold; $140,000 in all has been received for the twenty performances.

* * *

Judge Chapman has enjoined the Nebraska City, Neb., school board from levying taxes on the Burlington bridge. The company alleges that the property is wholly in the channel of the Missouri river.

The oat crop is about 100,000,000 bushels short, or 638,000,000 bushels against 523,000,000 bushels in 1890.

The latest thing in night clocks has an incandescent lamp over it and a yard or so of silk-wrapped wire which runs to the bed of the person who wishes to know what time it is in the dark.

An exhibition called the "Magic Maze of Mirrors" has sprung up in London. As the visitor enters the door he sees a crowd beckoning him from a hundred different angles—an effect produced by one stuffed image.

A sensational rumor is afloat in Eau Claire, Wis., that William Anderson, the logging contractor recently murdered by unknown persons, may have had $50,000 upon his person when killed.

A writer in a recent magazine article declares that the day is not far distant when the entire labor, from the preparing and tilling the ground to the transportation of the crops to the railway station, will be performed by electric motors.

The University of Chicago still lacks $90,000 of the $1,000,000 that must be raised by Sunday night.

In Kansas there is an energetic superintendent of schools, who, when he visits the different districts, takes with him a box of tools, saw, hammer, etc., and mends all the broken seats, damaged desks, and what not.

In the new British pharmacopœia the metric weights and measures will be adopted, to the entire exclusion of the English weights and measures hitherto used there and in the United States.

A letter came to the Topeka, Kan., postoffice the other day addressed to "George W. Eighquarts." It was delivered to George W. Peck.

Henderson Denkins and Lee Simmons of Bristol, Tenn., shot by Lee Short are dead. Short has gone to the mountains with a Winchester rifle, and say he will not be taken alive.

Sam Frazier and Rienzi Kennedy of Camden, Ark., were drowned while bathing in the Ouchita.

* * *

A reunion of General Grant's family, including all of the grandchildren, has been projected for next autumn.

George Gale, an Osage, Ia., liveryman, was thrown by a runaway horse and probably fatally hurt.

The Althorp library, to be sold in consequence of the agricultural depression in England, is described as the finest private library in the world.

The bank clerks of Denver jointly own a cottage in the Rockies, fifty miles away, where they all pass their vacations occupying it in detachments during the summer.

The Republican National Executive Committee proposes to establish a branch headquarters in Chicago for the campaign.

In a quarrel at Waukesha, Wis., over an unpaid board bill, Anton Vogt shot and mortally wounded August Zilke.

Professor Galvin, of the State University, has been chosen as Iowa's State geologist to conduct a new survey.

The Mississippi River, at Burlington, Iowa, is slowly receding. Lumber and other mills are resuming.

Lord Salisbury, it is said, drinks a bottle of Port wine for dinner every day. Pitt, frail and delicate as he was, used to consume two, so Lord Macaulay tells us.

The Adirondack wilderness embraces an extent of 5,000 square miles, or 3,600,000 acres.

Three sailors loading the schooner Halstead at Washburn, Wis., got into a fight. Mathias Brondsen cut the other two, was discharged, and his wages and clothing held by the captain. When a constable attempted to replevin the goods the captain at first displayed a revolver, but subsequently gave them up.

The French ironclad Hoche and the steamer Marech l Canrobert collided near Marseilles and seven of the latter's passengers were lost.

* * *

The discovery of an ice cave in the state of Washington and a mine of ice in Montana are among the interesting features of the news of the hot season.

Kansas has four cities in which the vote of the women is larger than that of the men. One entire set of "councilmen" is women.

The collections at the parish church of St. Mary, Kensington, London, for the past year exceeded £19,000.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has by its peculiar merit and its wonderful cures won the confidence of the people, and is to-day the most popular blood purifier and strengthening medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaint, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dolla

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address

T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JULY 16, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The County Fair."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Bicaroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Miss Helyett."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Jane."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Margaret Fleming.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

TAKE NOTICE.

THE CITIZEN is entirely willing to publish any NEWS sent by Irish or Catholic, or other respectable societies, "free, gratis, all for nothing," but, on business principles, it cannot undertake to print *advertisements* on the same basis. Advertising means business, and the columns of THE CITIZEN are just as valuable as any other newspaper medium published in this city. Take notice accordingly.

DANGERS OF HOME RULE.

The New York *Tribune's* only Smalley—an Englishman born in America—takes a lugubrious view of the Home Rule outlook. In a communication to his paper, under date of the 10th inst., he says:

"Assuming for a moment that Mr Gladstone will have a majority of some sort, the question of what he will do with it becomes an interesting subject. There will be the imperative necessity of coming to terms with his Irish allies. He will have a free hand. His hand is free, that is, so far as England is concerned. To England he has given no pledges, offered no explanation, made no statement which binds him to one form of Home Rule rather than another.

"You seem to have in America some curious information respecting the new Home Rule bill in both outlines and details. I can only say that no such information is accessible to the English public. No other knowledge has been communicated to them than what is to be found in Mr. Gladstone's Edinburg speech. It is not believed here that the provisions of the new bill have been imparted to Lord Rosebery or to Mr. Morley or to anybody else, or that Mr. Gladstone has made up his mind what he will do. Some alternative possibilities may have been put before these two gentlemen and one or two others, or may not; but, whether they have or not, hundreds of thousands of electors have been voting absolutely in the dark.

"The only thing to which Mr. Gladstone is pledged is Home Rule for Ireland in some shape. He will frame a bill, introduce it, perhaps pass it. I say perhaps, because the moment he commits himself to a specific measure his troubles will begin, as they began in 1886. Many of his supporters are elected and many more will be elected next week on other issues than Home Rule. They have views of their own; their constituencies have views. Even though they regard Home Rule as of secondary, not primary, importance, they will agree to some things and not others. Mr. Gladstone's calculations may be that his followers, who are elected by small majorities, will be the most docile of all. Their seats in the event of another dissolution would be in peril, and they must, he thinks, accept any bill he may propose. Wherefore he prefers small majorities. Whatever members may say or do, public opinion will begin to act on them.

"The bill will be subjected to the most minute and merciless criticisms. It will rain amendments in the house of commons. Nobody can say in what shape the bill will emerge from the committee, should it ever get there. However, let us assume, as we did about the majority, that some Home Rule bill in some shape or other will pass the house of commons and go up in the house of lords. Mr. Balfour has said in most explicit terms that the house of lords will reject it. Mr. Gladstone has said that he shall not feel bound to dissolve because the lords reject his bill. What, then, will he do?

"I still abstain from prophesying, but I may tell you what his intimate friends, or some of them, say he will do. He will not go to the country. He will hang up his Home Rule bill, start an agitation against the house of lords with a view of presently overawing that body, and meantime proceed with the Newcastle programme. Then, when the agitation against the lords has done its work, a new Home Rule bill will be introduced in the house of commons, probably in the following year, again passed and again submitted to the upper house, where the peers may be forced to acquiesce in legislation which nine out of ten of them abhor. It is premature to consider whether such a scheme is likely to succeed, and how soon."

While it is true that the lords will reject the bill, that very circumstance would make Home Rule more of a purely British question than it is today. John Bull has no love for the lords politically, but he is afraid of change, as he is the most conservative of all human creatures, and will endure them up to a certain point. The English masses have begun, and with very good reason, to believe that there can be no British legislation to amount to anything until, as they put it, Ireland is out of the way. Until Home Rule is granted, she will be in their path. The commons will vote for Gladstone's bill. The lords will throw it out. Thus more delay in the matter of British reforms. John Bull, always mad at Ireland, will grow madder still at the lords, and there will be a row along the whole line. In the words of a noted English Radical, if the lords "kick" the Liberals will "either mend them or end them." Mending them means the creation of enough new Liberal peers to overcome the Tory-Unionist majority in the house of lords. This is a clumsy method, but it will serve its purpose, and also have the good effect of making "nobility" cheap. But the old Queen is more dangerous than the lords. She has the power of veto, and everybody knows that, like her late husband, Albert of Saxe Gotha, she hates the very name of Ireland. That stiff-necked country—at least its capital—in 1866, refused a site for Albert's statue, and, instead, put up the effigy of William Smith O'Brien, the "rebel" who sought, in 1848, to deprive Victoria of "the emerald gem of the Western World." From that day to this, the Widow has had "a bad heart," as the Indians say, for Ireland and the Irish. In the expressive slang of the day, she has no use for them. Barely tolerating the English, and abhorring the Nonconformist Welsh—those plucky and persevering Celts—she gives all her affections to Scotland, the land of Bruce and—John Brown. The Queen likes punch and porridge, highland gillies and lowland lords. They suit her fancy, and she is welcome to them; but, notwithstanding her eccentricities, she has the power to injure Ireland, and, backed by the peers, and the Tory portion of the commons, she will do it if she can.

THE NEW AMNESTY MOVEMENT.

There appears to be quite a strong movement on foot, in Ireland and here, in favor of having amnesty granted to Dr. Thomas Gallagher, of Brooklyn, N. Y; John Daly, of Limerick, and other unfortunate men of the Irish race now locked up on life sentences in British penitentiaries for offenses of which they were not guilty, and on evidence so worthless that any body of men, except an English jury, would have rejected it. The case of Dr. Gallagher, very briefly stated, is as follows:

"He was a citizen of the United States, having been duly naturalized on Oct. 14, 1875, in the County court of the county of Kings, in the state of New York. In March, 1879, he received his degree as Doctor of Medicine from the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, in the city of New York. From that time until March 14 1883, he was engaged in the business of his profession at his residence in the city of Brooklyn, Kings county, N. Y. On March 14, 1883, he sailed from New York on the steamship Parthia, arrived in Liverpool on the 26th of March, and on the 27th of March reached London. He went abroad for the purpose of prosecuting his medical studies, and to obtain rest and recreation. On April 5, 1883 (nine days after his arrival in England), he was, by order of the British government, arrested and imprisoned, and had money, amounting to more than $5 800, taken from him. At the time of his arrest, Dr. Gallagher protested his innocence, and demanded permission to communicate with the then American Minister at the Court of St. James—James Russell Lowell. By a letter dated April 7, 1883, addressed to "Dr. Thomas Gallagher, Clerkenwell prison." Mr. Lowell promised that "upon being satisfied" of his "American citizenship," he would "give proper attention to the "case."

On April 11, 1883, Mr. Lowell received Dr. Gallagher's certificate of naturalization, and retained it until June 21, 1883, one week after Dr. Gallagher had been sentenced to imprisonment for life. Dr. Gallagher received no aid from the American Minister—on the contrary Mr. Lowell refused by letter, dated May 21, 1883, to help him. Immediately upon its receipt Dr. Gallagher demanded that the British government assign council to him to enable him to prepare his defense. In response to his appeal two persons were assigned to him in the false character of solicitors. One of these assumed to Dr. Gallagher a false name, the other was presented to Gallagher as an "American solicitor." Both of these were agents of the British government. The people in whose company Dr. Gallagher had been during his stay in London, were intimidated, prevented from appearing, and, without having a fair trial, Dr. Gallagher was unjustly convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life."

Under such circumstances any fair minded person would imagine that no case existed against the unfortunate prisoner; but the British conscience, when an Irish scare is on, is a very peculiar quantity, and cannot be depended upon to do what is right unless, indeed, a scare of larger proportions than the original one should induce it to reconsider its actions. Under existing circumstances, there does not appear to be much fear of any such development. But, if Gladstone should get into power, it will be curious to observe the squirming of the Whig-Liberals on the subject.

A "CITIZEN" CORRESPONDENT GONE TO IRELAND.

A representative of THE CITIZEN has sailed for Ireland to write up some account of the political and social condition of that country. He is a gentleman excellently well versed in all that concerns the old country, and is, besides, a most charming sketch writer. He will, no doubt, be able to give the true inwardness of the Gladstone Home Rule programme, and, in short, we look forward to his letters with great interest. At no time within the last dozen years has the political situation in Great Britain and Ireland been fraught with more important issues. The Tories are, undoubtedly, beaten, and the question of Ireland's restoration to self government will again take the lead of all worldly controversies.

IRISH PROTESTANTS NEED NOT FEAR IRISH LIBERTY.

Our Baptist friend, the *Standard*, published in this city, rarely takes note of Irish politics, but in its issue of July 14 we find the following under the caption of the 'Ulster Protestants":

"It is not surprising that the Protestant population of the North of Ireland should contemplate with some uneasiness the possibility of the establishment of Home Rule in that island. Ireland as a whole is, of course, Catholic, and a greater or less predomidence of Catholic influence would naturally be looked for in any government formed and administered, with limitations, by Irishmen themselves. Lord Salisbury, in his opposition to Home Rule measures, has within some weeks past made much of this fact in what his antagonist, Mr. Gladstone, characterizes as incendiary speeches, intimating in fact that the opposition of the Ulster Protestants might be expected to end in absolute revolt.

"Mr. Gladstone began the pending campaign in parliamentary election with a speech at the house of a Nonconformist minister in Clapham, London, Rev. J. Guinness Rogers. In this speech he claimed to produce evidence 'in favor of the desire of Irish Catholics to give perfect religious equality to Protestants." Were such a thing to be, it would no doubt be a new thing under the sun, and certainly would not be if Vatican interference could prevent it. Such interference Mr. Gladstone does not anticipate, pointing in evidence to the fact 'that the history of the question has been rather marked throughout by reiterated protests on the part of Irish Catholics themselves against any papal meddling with political movements.' How much of real assurance there may be in this time alone can show. Perhaps a wiser remark is that which occurs in the course of the same speech: 'I tell you this is all honesty, the best constitutional safeguard is in the thorough freedom of the interests of the country.' And it is true that the absolutely right proves in the long run to be the absolutely safe.

"That, however, the hopeful view of Mr. Gladstone is not shared by the North of Ireland Protestants, is made evident in the utterances of a convention recently held by them in Belfast. It is said that between eleven and twelve thousand delegates were present. The convention gave its voice very decidedly upon the subject of danger, not so much to Protestantism, as to religious freedom itself in the proposed Home Rule measure; 'danger,' which is at least 'possible,' and to which, so the convention affirms, 'English Protestants and Nonconformists are blind.'"

There can be no doubt that the very pronounced action frequently taken by many Irish Catholic prelates and priests in the politics of their country has made an impression the reverse of favorable on the Protestant mind. But are Catholic clergymen alone in this kind of meddling? Have not successive Protestant ecclesiastical conventions in Ireland addressed words of political argument to their co-religionists of Great Britain in opposition to Home Rule? Did not the Irish Nonconformist ministers recently address their Scottish brethren in the same direction? Have we not the averment of the public press, British and American, that the diminished vote of the Gladstonian element in Scotland is due to the active politics of the Episcopalian clergy, who fear that Gladstone intends to do with the Established church of Scotland what he did with the Established church of Ireland? Who set the example of an Established church in Great Britain and Ireland? Not the Catholics surely. On the contrary, even the monarch so much execrated by Irish Protestants, James II, of unfortunate memory, sought no more in the Three Kingdoms than to place all religions on an equal footing. Can any Irish Protestant show where Irish Catholics ever sought to oppress him for conscience sake? The exaggerated "Rebellion" of 1641 was not an uprising against Protestantism but against Scotch and English usurpation of Irish estates and tribe lands.

The Irish Catholics gave shelter to the English Protestants driven from England by the tyranny of Bloody Mary, the Catholic daughter of the apostate Henry VIII. When her Protestant sister, Elizabeth, vented her demoniacal hatred on the Irish Catholics, the English Protestants did not imitate their generosity. It is an undoubted fact that the non-Celtic English Catholics of today, including Archbishop Vaughan, are as bitterly opposed to Home Rule as the Orangemen themselves! The Irish police, who are fully three-fourths Catholic, are unfriendly to Home Rule. It is not the more enlightened Protestants of the learned professions in Ireland, with a few exceptions, that are hostile to Home Rule; it is not the honest yeomen of the Dissenting creeds, either, who are foes of that measure, but the aristocratic, bigot houses of Abercorn and Roden and the ragtag-and-bobtail of the disestablished "Glebe lands."

THE CITIZEN frankly admits that it would look much better if prelates and priests of all denominations kept out of partisan politics, as far as "taking the stump" is concerned. They have undoubted right to form their opinions, and to vote, the same as other citizens, and there is no good reason why they should not privately express their political preferences as other men do, but to make use of their clerical influence to coerce the sentiments of those who revere them, is what may be called an abuse, and Protestant clerics, as well as Catholic, are culpable in this regard. As a matter of fact, any man, priest or levite, scribe or pharisee, who would propose a State church, of any kind, in Ireland would be deemed a lunatic and treated accordingly.

THE BRITO-IRISH ELECTIONS.

Up to the hour of going to press, Mr. Gladstone is slightly ahead in the general elections of Great Britain and Ireland; but, if he has any majority, it will be largely due to Ireland, although she has not done her duty. This, of course, will give the British a show to kick, and, should Home Rule have but a small majority, there would be a new "appeal to the country." Scotland, which did so well for Home Rule in 1885 6, has not come up to the mark this year; but gallant little Wales has done nobly. Our Scotch friends were, doubtless, misled by the Orange howl in Ulster. Gladstone came within a few hundred votes of losing Midlothian. England, as usual, has balked at the fence, but, in justice, it must be said that Ireland, since Parnell's death, has acted shamefully. Her faction fights disgust her friends, not to speak of her enemies. The English have done badly, the Scotch worse, the Irish disappointingly, and the Welsh alone deserve unalloyed credit in the Home Rule fight. They are a brave little nation, and deserve well of humanity at large.

THE LONDON FORGER'S HOWL.

The London *Times* chaunts a hypocritical song about the "barbarous proceedings" at Homestead. It advises that Americans hereafter attend to their own business and not interfere with England's Irish policy. As a matter of fact, few Americans took part in the battle of Homestead, and a large proportion of the victorious strikers were ex British subjects, driven from Great Britain and Ireland by "the blessings of Free Trade." They had, however, the true American spirit, and also the American privilege of being efficiently armed. In Great Britain and Ireland a few peelers could have cowed them, but the American atmosphere is fatal to cowardice, and the British "chump" speedily becomes an American hero. Protection and Pinkertonism do not travel hand in hand, but Free Trade and Chinese cheap labor do. England may point to Homestead as an awful example of over protected industries, but America can successfully point to Ireland and to India as political cadavers produced by the benevolent policy of British Free Trade, allied to Sheffield bayonets and Exeter Hall bibles.

THE Pinkerton army has met the fate of Humpty Dumpty.

MR AND MRS GROVER CLEVELAND object to having their baby photographed for political purposes. Their heads are level.

THE CITIZEN believes in rational protection to American industries, but it also believes in protecting the wages of the American working people and in excluding from our favored shores everything in the shape of cheap contract labor, or foreign contract labor in any form.

MR JAMES KILLELEA, of Nashville, Tenn., has written a strong letter to the Tuam, Ireland, *Herald*, denouncing faction, and calling upon all true Irishmen to unite.

THE *Jewish Observer* says that Ireland was the first country in the world which recognized the equal rights of the Jews. The Irish commons passed an act of emancipation of the Hebrews in 1745, but the lords threw it out. After that period, however, they were not molested. The Jewish population of Ireland, nevertheless, is very small. If the Home Rule bill passes it may grow larger.

AMERICAN manufacturers, who make their money out of the American public, should build their "castles" in America and not in Europe, continental or insular.

MR. E. F. KENNEDY, manager of the great commercial house of John M. Smyth, on West Madison street, accompanied by Mr. P. G. Smyth, the distinguished journalist and litterateur, sailed for Ireland via the Inman Line, from New York last Wednesday. They left Chicago last Sunday evening, and expect to be absent until about the middle of September.

MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON is still in feeble health, but is slowly regaining strength.

HOW QUICKLY the English papers find an argument against American protection in the Homestead trouble! And yet, let us see, how many years ago was it that an English free trade beggared mob marched through the streets of London howling for bread or blood?

GLADSTONE'S Home Rule bill will not be all that Irishmen desire, but, at least, it will practically establish the principle of a distinct Irish nationality.

AT Scariff last Sunday, William Redmond was assailed by an anti Parnellite mob. Nothing daunted the young orator shouted to his followers, "Form square and give them h—ll!" At the word "the boys" executed the movement with military precision. Blackthorns bristled on every face of the square, "like lightning on the edges of a cloud," and the "antis" were driven like chaff, still, however, fighting fiercely "like devils for conciliation," as they retired precipitately, but in good order. The police finally interfered, but those uniformed philanthropists received blows from the blackthorns of both parties with true Irish vigor and impartiality. Nobody was killed, but the wounded were numerous.

AN attractive picnic excursion will be given by the Catholic Order of Foresters, of the Holy Family parish, on Wednesday, July 20, at Burlington Park. All the arrangements have been completed, and the event promises to be among the best of the season. Athletic games, dancing and other amusements are included in the programme.

DEATH OF A VETERAN FENIAN.

Mr. Daniel O'Madigan, superintendent of the Quarantine hospital at St Louis, Mo., died of pneumonia on the 9th inst. He was born in Newcastle West, county Limerick, about fifty four years ago and came to America in 1863. He took a leading part in the Fenian movement, was "State Centre" of that organization in Missouri, and established the *Western Celt*, which he ran successfully for several years. He held the office of Quarantine Superintendent for twelve years, and was always noted for a fearless performance of his duty. Mr. O'Madigan was among the most ardent of Irish patriots. While holding the position of assistant internal revenue collector in 1872 he sustained the cause of Horace Greeley because of that great American's friendship for the Irish people and their cause, and also because of his championship of universal liberty. In doing so he resigned the office to which he had been appointed, and, in fact, throughout his career acted as an upright and strictly honorable man. His death is widely lamented. The funeral occurred on the 11th inst. from the home of his sister, Mrs. H. Flynn, Locust street, St. Louis, and was very largely attended. The obituary sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Jones, who was assisted at high mass of requiem by the Rev Fathers Power and Keegan. The following acted as pallbearers: Hon. Thomas Morris, John Hartwell, C. W Francis, E. J O'Connor, Matthew Dougherty, John Murphy, Andrew Hoolen and John D. Finney. A delegation of 100 Irish Nationalists acted as escorts.

THE CORRECT COLUMBUS DAY.

The recent action of congress changing the date for the national public school celebration from Oct. 12 to Oct. 21 is a step in the direction of scholarly accuracy, and it is remarkable that it should have been so long overlooked.

If there is to be a national observance of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America it should take place on the date which marks the true century-point. It is obviously stupid to await the recurrence of a date which by reason of arbitrary changes in the methods of reckoning time has lost its significance and does not indicate the true cycle o years.

Every American knows that Columbus discovered this hemisphere on Oct. 12, 1492, and at first thought Oct. 12, 1892, would seem to mark the 400th anniversary of that event. But it will be remembered that time was then calculated upon a different basis than is now in vogue.

For many centuries the Julian calendar was the accepted authority for all calculations, although its inaccuracy was not unknown. In 1582 a reformation took place. The Gregorian calendar was then introduced in Europe, and this calendar is now used by all civilized nations, with the exception of Russia, which still adheres to the Julian method of computing time. When this reformation occurred it was found necessary to drop ten days from the calendar; and Oct 4, 1582, became Oct. 15, 1582. These dropped days were the accumulations of many centuries of erroneous reckoning. The Julian calendar assumed that a year contained 365¼ days, and as this was 11 minutes and 14 seconds too long, the error amounted to three days every 400 years. The Gregorian calendar corrected this defect by making every centurial year a common year unless divisible by 400, whereas by the Julian calendar every year (centurial year included) divisible by four was a leap year. Thus by the new style of computation the years 1500, 1700, and 1800 were not leap years.

As previously stated the reformation took place in 1582 and ten days were suppressed. But as the discovery of America was previous to the year 1500, which by the Gregorian calendar was common, there are but nine days to omit. Consequently on Oct. 21, 1892 the sun will occupy the same relative position to the earth as on the 12th of October, 1492, when for the first time Columbus beheld these shores.

For these reasons, together with the fact that every precedent is in favor of adopting the "new style" of reckoning, we favor the change.

The Gregorian calendar was not introduced into Great Britain until 1751 ignorance and prejudice defeating the change up to that time. Consequently it has been necessary to correct the dates of our American anniversaries which commemorate events previous to 1751. Washington was born Feb. 11, but by the "new style" his birthday falls on the 22d, and that is the day we celebrate. The anniversary of Forefather's Day and of the founding of the city of Boston are both observed on the corrected date. It is unfortunate that the Act of Congress of April 25, 1890, naming Oct. 12, 1892, as the date for the dedication of the World's Fair grounds has not been amended by a change of date to Oct. 21. The fair will practically be a year late, and the dedicatory exercises should take place on the true anniversary, which is Oct. 21. Congress has already shown its good sense by placing the popular and general celebration of which the public schools are to be the centers on the correct date. It only remains for congress to extricate the nation from the comical predicament of a two-headed celebration of Discovery Day by changing the Chicago date to correspond with the corrected date it has already set for the popular public school celebrations. F. B.

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dalton, No 521 Hermitage avenue, were made happy on the morning of the 12th inst by the advent of a fine boy baby, who has already made a noise in the world. Mr. Dalton is chief of the telegraph operators of the Board of Trade, and is overwhelmed with congratulations.

There is no foundation other than rumor for the statement that Maurice Francis Egan intends to resign the chair of English Literature in the University of Notre Dame, to accept editorial charge of a Catholic paper soon to be started in Chicago. Dr. Egan assures us that he is more than satisfied with his present position. He feels that if there is honor in conducting a Catholic journal, he has had his share; and that if it is rather a burden, he has has borne that burden long enough. Dr. Egan's influence is far reaching where he is, and no Catholic layman in the United States is doing more for the cause of the church. We should very much regret to see him burdened and hampered by editorial cares.—*Ave Maria.*

Hon Richard McCloud, attorney-at-law, of Durango, Col., was born in Ireland, and educated at the famous Norwich Academy, he and Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, being classmates. He is a graduate of the Columbia Law School, New York, holding the degree of LL B. He has been settled to the practice of his profession in Colorado for ten years, and is recognised as one of the ablest lawyers of the southwestern part of the State. He is espicially strong in the department of land and mining titles, on which his counsel is much sought by the profession as well as litigants. He was register of the United States Land Office at Durango under the Cleveland administration, and his able decisions while exercising that function were almost uniformly sustained by the Department of the Interior at Washington. Judge McCloud is a fluent writer, and has contributed many interesting and valuable articles on the ruins of the cliff dwellers and the present tribes of Indians in southwestern Colorado to the Great Divide.—*Rocky Mountain Celt.*

A dispatch dated St. Thomas June 29, says: "Today was a red letter day in the Catholic church of this city, being the occasion of the conferring of the degree of Doctor of Divinity on Rev. William Flannery, the popular priest of the parish, by Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor, on behalf of the University of Georgetown, D.C. At 10:45 a.m. pontifical high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Brady, of Woodstock, Rev. Father Brennan, of St Mary's, acting as deacon, and Rev. Father Molphy, of Ingersoll, as sub-deacon. Mr. S. B. Pocock, on behalf of the congregation, read an address, to which Rev Dr Flannery made a feeling reply. The bishop, as delegate to Georgetown University, spoke most eulogistically of the Rev. Father, adding that it gave him great pleasure to confer the degree on so worthy a man. Among those present were Bishop O'Connor, Vicar General Heenan, Hamilton; Rev Father Teefy, president St Michael's College, Toronto; Rev Father Cushing, president Assumption College, Sandwich; Rev Dean Wagner, Windsor; Rev. M. J. Tiernan, chancellor, London; Rev. Father Connolly, Biddulph; Rev. Philip Brennan, St. Mary's; Rev Father McRae, Park Hill; Rev. J. P. Molphy, Ingersoll; Rev. M. J. Brady, Woodstock; Rev. P. Corcoran, La Salette; Rev P. McManimie, Maidstone; Rev. Father N. Dixon, Kingsbridge; Rev N. Gahan, London; Rev. Father Kennedy, St Mary's; Rev. Father Noonan, St. Peter's Cathedral, London; Rev Father Austin, Stratford; Rev. Father West, Goderich; Rev Father Devlin, S.J., Guelph; Rev. Father Quinlan, St. Thomas." Dr. Flannery's name has, for more than a quarter of a century, been familiar as a household word in the Catholic homes of Ontario; and not alone by Catholics is it cherished, but also by thousands of our separated brethren, who know and respect the Doctor as a kind-hearted man and good citizen. The prayer of all will be that Doctor Flannery may long be spared to enjoy his well earned honor.—*True Witness.*

"Thank You,"

Is what Mrs. Paisley, of Newburgh, N.Y., always says to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured her of a severe case of scrofula and eczema, and she has reason to be grateful.

If you are Bilious take Hood's Pills.

Whatever may be the cause of blanching, the hair may be restored to its original color by the use of that potent remedy Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A O H to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

A Great Effort to be Made to Provide Them With a Home

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help the noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
P. B. FLANNIGAN,
P. O'SULLIVAN,
P. DEVER,
} Com.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund acknowledges the following subscriptions:

Rev. J. M. Curran, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue	$50 00
H. R. Eagle & Co., 68 Wabash avenue	50 00
Rev. J. J. Keane, St. Rose of Lima, Forty-eighth street and Ashland avenue	20 00
Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue	20 00
John Doody, No. 1201 Stone avenue, Town of Lake	10 00
Rev. Thomas Scully, Belvidere, Ill.	10 00

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The following letter accompanied Mr. Doody's subscription:

"CHICAGO, July 3.—*Father O'Sullivan, Rev. Dear Sir:* I see by THE CITIZEN that you are the treasurer for the Martyr's Widow Fund—for Mrs. Daniel Curley. Please accept the enclosed $10 as a small contribution for this most worthy undertaking, which has been neglected entirely too long.

Thanking you, reverend sir, and your patriotic colleagues for lending your able services to so worthy a cause I remain yours truly, JOHN DOODY

NEW YORK GAELS

Celebrate the Fourth of July at "Tailton," Their Country Home, in an Enthusiastic Manner.

The Fourth was celebrated by none more enthusiastically than by the members of the Gaelic Society of New York at their country home, "Tailton," Woodside, Long Island.

From the great trees on the lawn hung numerous Chinese lanterns, the clubhouse, a bower of comfort, was ablaze with lights. In other parts of the grounds there was a grand display of fireworks. A piano was placed on the verands, and then in the many colored lights the dancing began on the lawn.

Miss Maggie Gallagher sang the "Kerry Dance" in an exquisite manner, accompanied on the piano by Miss Katie M Kelly. When the dancers grew weary "The Star Spangled Banner" was given. Henry Magee sang it, and he also sang in the Gaelic, "The Harp." J P. Boland sang "When He Who Adores Thee," and Miss Fox gave Moore's pathetic melody, "O, Breathe Not His Name," written of his old college friend, the young martyr, Robert Emmet. Miss Foley sang the "Low-Backed Car" and then came P. H. Cahill, who recited "The Brigade at Fontenoy." O'Neill Russell spoke in Gaelic on "Our Native Tongue," and the orator of the evening was P J Shiels, who delivered an address on "Independence Day."

Among other things he said, "We meet to honor the day; to look back with pride to the part which our Irish-American ancestors took in that grand consummation; we also glance with untold satisfaction at the general adaptation of the living principles embodied in that inspiring and radical declaration. America, it has been said, owes to Europe its discovery, and its motherland, but notwithstanding the comparatively small population of the Emerald Isle, there can be pointed out no other country which can claim to have supplied 50 per cent of the Revolutionary army, to have been the birthland of the fiercest and most uncompromising of the oratorical campaigners who prepared the country for the Revolution itself."

The happy outing was brought to a close with the singing of "God Save Ireland."

The athletic contests were:

100-Yard Race—L Dempsey first, J Connery second, J. Haggerty third.

220-Yards—J Connery first, L Dempsey second, P Hughes third.

Putting 12-pound Shot—J. Connery first, P. Hughes second, J Haggerty third.

High Jump—J Connery first, L Dempsey second, height 5 feet 6 inches.

A scratch football match concluded the games.—*Irish World*

ALL SAINTS' SCHOOL.

Thirty-four Graduates Given Medals at the Closing Exercises.

At the closing exercises of All Saints' school, at New Music Hall, No 456 Thirty-first street, on Thursday night of last week, thirty-four graduates were given medals, and two were made happy with scholarships in the De LaSalle Institute. The exercises began with a hymn, which was followed by a flower song by Misses Frizzell, Burke, Finerty and Nolan. J Leahy recited, after which an operetta, "Flower Praise," was presented by the pupils and graduates. The members of the chorus represented various flowers. After the operetta came a play of the civil war; "Tears on the Shamrock," a song; dumbbell drill, Delsarte poses, tableaux, two duets, "Whispering Hope," a song by all the graduates, and the valedictory by Miss Maggie Higgins. Father E J Dunne stepped on the platform with a handful of diplomas and medals. Thirty two of the graduates had passed the high school examination. All of them received medals. Willie O'Shea was presented with the Archbishop Feehan scholarship in the De LaSalle school, and Francis Murphy received the Cookery scholarship. The graduates were: John J O'Hearn, Kerwin Flynn, Willie O'Shea, Francis Murphy, Daniel O'Hearn, Ignatius Bransfield, Thomas Kelly, Joseph Moynihan, Richard Hayes, Minnie Fenlon, Maggie Higgins, Mary McDonald, Grace Jennings, Kitty Dunne, Minnie Dunne, Lizzie Frizzell, Maggie Finerty, Kittie Burke, Teresa Nolan, Emma Godin, Kittie O'Shea, Mamie Scanlon, Minnie Griffin, Mamie Connor, Kittie Ward, Hannah Quinlan, Mary Barrett, Mary Talbot, Winnie Daly, Maggie Gillin, Mary Finnegan, Nellie Doyle, Rosalie Ready, Mary Brogan.

Members of the Chicago clergy present were: Fathers E J Dunne, E. A. Kelly, Hugh McShane, Richard Dunne, A. McGavick, Clancy, Dennison, O'Brien, and Whalen.

Thursday was the second and last day of the exercises. A musical and dramatic entertainment was given on Wednesday evening.

THE ARAPAHOES' MEDICINE DANCE.

Ninth Annual Picnic Excursion of the Popular Organization to Willow Springs.

The Arapahoe Pleasure club, a social organization of this city which numbers among its members some of the best known citizens, and some of the jolliest spirits, of Chicago, held its July excursion picnic at Willow Springs, on the Chicago and Alton railroad, last Sunday. It was the ninth annual picnic of the Arapahoe Pleasure club. For several years this club has made pilgrimages to Willow Springs, but the crowd this year eclipsed all others in point of numbers. The membership of the club is made up, among others, of the following:

John A McDonald, president; John D Shea, vice-president; John C Schubert, secretary; Patrick O'Connor, treasurer; George P. Gilman, Daniel Burke, John Burke, Martin Hayes, Owen Murray, Michael McNamara, William Ward, Ald. Gahan, Ald. Mahoney, James Strain, Thomas Halligan, Daniel Corkery, Thos. Fitzgerald, John McGovern, John S. Cooper and Lawrence McGann.

At 10:30 a.m. fourteen cars carried fully 1 200 excursionists to the park over the Chicago and Alton railway. A man must be married to be a member of the club, and the picnic was an old-fashioned family affair. The train reached Willow Park shortly after noon. Tables were spread under the shade of the park trees, and the big company sat down to luncheon. Eatables of all kinds were tendered the guests of the club free of charge.

After luncheon the people assembled at the pavilion to witness some old Irish dances. The band played airs familiar to the ears of Ireland's sons. Gray-haired men, with their wives, went back to the days of their childhood and joined in the dances. Big Capt. John Shea danced a jig with little Nellie Corkery, much to the amusement of hundreds of on lookers. The Misses Julia and Josie Hardin, two pretty little girls, danced the skirt dance. Capt. John Shea and William McKenna danced an old Irish reel. T J Lotus and Mrs P Coyle went through with the "slip jig." Irish jigs were danced by Miss Julia Mulcahy and Martin Kelly.

The club had prepared an elaborate programme of field sports, but the ground was too soft, owing to the recent rains, to permit the carrying out of the events. But there were plenty of running races. Miss Lucy Mathias won the woman's 100-yard dash, the time being 2:19. The New York quartette, consisting of Harry L Campen, John C. Havens, W C Oarsley and Frank Parker, sang. Many of the excursionists spent the afternoon boating on Willow creek.

The long train of cars left Willow Springs on its return trip at 7:30 in the evening. A peculiar feature of the Arapahoe excursions is that those who go one year are sure to go the next and take their friends. For the last three years the crowd has been steadily increasing. Year before last there were five cars. Last year there were ten cars, and this season fourteen. Next year the club members expect to run two special trains.

Among those in the party were:

Mr. and Mrs James Scanlan, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Cremins, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Cremins, Mr. and Mrs J. T Stores, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. J. R Piper, Mr. and Mrs. James Daly, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lotus, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien and Mr. and Mrs. Houlihan.

Misses Lucy Mathias, Kate Lotus, Kittie McGurn, M. Reilly and Hannifan.

Judge Scales, Henry Carmody, Ald. Wall, Ald. Powers, Ald. William O'Brien, Ald Keller, John Corbett, Edward Fitzgerald, M. B Bailey, M. W Ryan, J. J. Hennessy, P. W. Tracy, Walter S Bogle, Wm. English, William Buckley, Capt. Madden, James Hogan and James Dooley.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN.

The following extract from the *Spectator's* article on the Belfast convention is worth reading: "Do we, then, think that Home Rule will produce actual civil war? Not, certainly, because Ulster has another alternative still more disastrous for Great Britain; but we think civil war an imminent probability. We hold that, apart altogether from legislation directed against Protestants, Ulster is certain to suspect and contemn the new Irish executive, controlled as it must be by the priesthood, and by men like those who guided the Land League, to such a degree that it will disobey them, either by not recognizing their officials, or by refusing their taxes, and thus compel the Dublin government to a—perfectly just and legitimate—recourse to force. Then will come the crucial moment. The Ulstermen cannot mobilize themselves for a march on Dublin, and will have, therefore, but two courses to pursue. Either they must declare Ulster a province of Great Britain on the same footing as Wales, and defend themselves within their province as the Dutch did; or they must make terms with the Dublin government, secure certain cantonal liberties for each of the four provinces of Ireland, and endeavor to rule and guide the central Dublin administration. That is perfectly possible, for the Roman Catholic church will need allies against Jacobinism; and the Catholic people themselves, whether they allow to the Ulstermen superior ability or not, recognize in them a higher capacity for citizenship, and even occasionally accept them as their leaders. If, then, the Ulstermen are confident of British sympathy and British aid, they will separate Ulster, with its energy, its pride, and its wealth, from the remainder of Ireland, which would be, of course, rebellion; or, if they find no sympathy in Britain, if, on the contrary, a Radical government threatens to put them down by force, and land troops to carry the threat into execution, then in irritation and despair they will choose the second alternative, and Ireland will at last be a unit, fused together by a common detestation of the larger island and its inhabitants, who, after using the men of one creed to coerce the men of another for five centuries, basely surrendered the historic oppressors to the vengeance of the historic ally oppressed."

The writer then goes on to say that the first alternative would be the worst for Ireland, the second for Great Britain; and declares that in case the second were put in force, there would be nothing for England "except the reconquest of Ireland by military force." He incidentally remarks that of course Ulstermen do not talk of the second alternative, a significant confession coming from the leading Liberal-Unionist organ, a journal which should know something about the real thoughts of the people who organized the convention. But we differ from the *Spectator* in thinking that the union of North and South would render it necessary for England to invade Ireland with troops; indeed, the suggestion is absurd.—*United Ireland.*

To Aid Home Rule

BOSTON, Mass., July 12.—A meeting in aid of Home Rule in Ireland was held last night in Tremont Temple, presided over by Mayor Matthews.

The speakers included Vicar-General Father Byrne, the Rev. Father Conaty, Josiah Quincy and Maj. Byrne of New York, while letters of regret for their absence were read from Gov. Russell, Collector Beard and Congressman O'Neil.

The following cable dispatch was ordered sent:

"To Justin McCarthy, John Dillon, Timothy Healy, Thomas Sexton, William O'Brien, Dublin, Ireland: Mass meeting in Tremont Temple, Boston. Mayor presiding, clergy and representative men of nation, state and city assembled. Fundamental principles of American liberty indorsed by recognition of majority rule. We send greeting and declare the heart of America is in unison with Ireland in her struggle for Home Rule, for which cause we subscribe $12,000 and assert that the so-called peace commission has no authority to speak for the Irish race in America."

"MAYOR MATTHEWS,
"THOMAS B. FITZ,
"REV. THOMAS J. CONATY,
"WILLIAM J. BURKE"

[The last part of the last paragraph is considered by THE CITIZEN unfair and unnecessary.—ED.]

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R. St Paul Minn.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

THE OS AND MACS.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Though small the isle that gave them birth—
Their cradle and their home—
They span the circle of the earth,
And ride the crested foam—
Their hunting ground the polar snows,
The deserts' burning tracts:
Where'er you go, you'll meet the Os
And greet the sturdy Macs—
The valiant stock,
The fertile flock
Of Ireland's Os and Macs!

Though shadowed by relentless fate,
Old in oppression grown,
They've held the helm of many a state,
And ruled behind the throne!
Ay, in the halls of classic lore,
As Cid or Saxon knows,
They taught the truth in days of yore—
Did Ireland's Macs and Os—
A scholar host
No land could boast
Like Ireland's Macs and Os!

With war flags to the winds unfurl'd,
When courage faced despair,
They marched in pride around the world,
And feared no foeman there:
Where glory led they hewed their way
Along historic tracks,
Last in retreat, first in the fray,
Were Ireland's Os and Macs—
The bold and brave
Os shore and wave,
Were Ireland's Os and Macs!

At home by cruel despots banned
Their hopes were overthrown;
The palm was their's in every land
Excepting in their own;
But still we hope—can hope be vain
That dared a myried woes?
To see the old flag wave again,
Upheld by Macs and Os—
Flung to the breeze
By knights like these,
The dauntless Macs and Os!

God bless them wheresoe'er they roam,
Where'er their footprints be—
In Ireland far away at home,
In Irelands o'er the sea!
God bless the cause of truth and right
That's having at its back
The brain and soul, and brawny might
Of every O and Mac—
The heart and hand
And battle brand
Of every O and Mac!

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, INDIANA.

Graduating Exercises—Distribution of Premiums and Honors.

The forty-eighth annual graduation exercises of Notre Dame University were held in Washington Hall, on the University grounds. The Rt. Rev. John Foley, D D, bishop of Detroit, Mich., presided. A great number of priests were present.

The exercises opened with an overture from "Martha" by the orchestra. This was followed by a chorus, "Columbia Beloved," by the University Choral Union, with Professor Liecombe at the piano.

The Latin poem, "Columbus," by Mr. Joseph Just, had the place of honor, and just previous to its recital by the author, a handsome booklet containing the poem Gregori's portrait of Columbus, and a bird's-eye view of Notre Dame, was given to each member of the audience, as a souvenir. When Mr. Just finished his poem, which was well delivered, he was heartily applauded, and again applauded when he presented a handsome copy of it to the Rt. Rev. Bishop."

Mr. Barnest Dubrul spoke on "The Predecessors of Columbus," Mr. J. McGrath, Jr., on "Columbus," and Mr. James R. Fitzgibbon, on "Columbus and Columbia." The three addresses showed great research into the life and character of Columbus and the results following his wonderful discovery. Between the addresses were musical numbers, a vocal solo by Mr. F. B. Chute, a flute solo by Mr. F. C. Bachrach, and the programme closed with Hemm's concert overture by the orchestra.

President Walsh introduced Bishop Foley in a few well chosen words. No graduating class ever received more practical, common-sense advice than this one of twenty-six graduates. The bishop impressed upon them the fact that their college education was but the foundation of their life work, and whatever might be their chosen occupation or profession, it it must be built on that. He warned them of the temptations that would beset them, and of the evil of wealth gained by dishonest methods. He paid a glowing tribute to Notre Dame and its faculty as he closed his remarks.

The following morning, after the reading of the class poem, by Mr. Emil F Neef, the delivery of the valedictory, by N. J. Sinnott, and an earnest, practical address by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Watterson, bishop of Columbus, the degrees and honors were conferred.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the Rev. Louis A. Lambert, Scottsville, N. Y; Dr. John A. Ouchterlong, Louisville, Ky.

The degree of the Master of Arts was conferred on Thomas P. White, M.D., Cincinnati, O; Thomas M. Johnson, Osceola, Mo.; Rev W. J. Kelly, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.

The degree of the Master of Arts *in honorem* was conferred on Alexander J Mullen, M.D., Michigan City, Ind.; James S Slon, Chicago, Ills.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Alwin Ahlriche, Cullman, Ala.; Benjamin C Bachrach, Chicago, Ills.; Joseph Just, Notre Dame, Ind.; Nicholas J Sinnott, The Dalles, Oregon.

The degree of Bachelor of Letters was conferred on James R Fitzgibbon, Newark, O; Frederick B. Chute, Minneapolis, Minn; Ernest F. DeBrul, Cincinnati, O; John J. McGrath, Chicago, Ills; Roger B. Sinnott, The Dalles, Oregon; Francis J. Varpilliat, Winamac, Ind.; Hugh O'Neill, Cresco, Iowa.

The degree of Bachelor of Science was conferred on James M. Brady, Quincy, Ills; Dezere A. Cartier, Ludington, Mich.; Frederic E. Neef, Springfield, Ills; William M. O'Brien, Caledonia, Minn; Otto A. Rothert, Louisville, Ky.

The degree of Civil Engineer was conferred on Pierce A. Murphy, Vancouver Barracks, Washington; Charles J. Gillon, Milford, Mass; Owen W. Sullivan, Chicago, Ills.

The degree of Master of Laws was conferred on Hugh O Neill, Cresco, Iowa; Dudley M Shively, South Bend, Ind.

The degree of Bachelor of Laws was conferred on Louis P Chute, Minneapolis, Minn; Patrick H Coady, Panna, Ills; Bryan B. Tivnen, Marcom, Ills; Patrick J. Houlihan, South Bend, Ind; Peter M Ragan, Maumee, Ohio; Orrin Z Hubbell, Elkhart, Ind.

Commercial diplomas, certificates for telegraphy, special prize medals and a large number of class medals and premiums were also distributed.

Sunday Service.

On Sunday, May 22, the Wisconsin Central lines resumed its popular train service between Chicago, Waukesha and the Lake Region. Trains leave the Grand Central Passenger Station for Lake Villa (Fox Lake), Antioch, Mukwonago and Waukesha at 8:30 a. m., Sunday, arriving at Lake Villa, 10:33 a. m; Antioch, 10:40 a. m.; Mukwonago, 11:40 a. m.; and Waukesha, 11:59 a. m. Returning trains leave Waukesha at 4:45 p. m.; Mukwonago, 5:05 p. m.; Antioch, 6:18 p. m.; Lake Villa, 6:30 p. m.; arriving at Chicago at 8:45 p. m. For the accommodation of excursionists desiring to remain in the country over Sunday "The Business Man's Special" will again be placed in service. This train will leave Waukesha at 5:30 a. m., arriving at Chicago at 8:50 a. m. For tickets, time tables and pamphlets apply to GEORGE K. THOMPSON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, or to JAMES C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

DAILY LAKE EXCURSIONS.

To St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., the Coney Island of the West. Sixty miles from Chicago, a lake ride, returning 120 miles, by the Graham & Morton Transportation Co.'s steamers CITY OF CHICAGO and CHICORA, the Largest, Finest and Fastest excursion steamers on LAKE Michigan. At the Summer Resorts you will find good hotels, fishing, bathing and beautiful drives through the famous peach orchard districts. This is the place to go for a day's rest. Season Time Table: Leave Chicago daily at 9:30 a. m., return 8:30 p. m., round trip $1; daily at 11:30 p. m., single fare trip $1; Sundays at 10 a.m., return about 10 p.m., round trip $1.50; Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, round trip $1, tickets good returning same night, Sunday at 6 p.m., or Monday's steamer. In all cases meals and berths extra.

The "City of Chicago," which leaves daily at 9:30 a. m., makes close connections at St. Joseph with the special fast steamboat express on the Chicago & West Michigan R. R. for Grand Rapids, Traverse City, Petoskey, Mackinac Island, Holland, Ottowa Beach, Bay City, East Saginaw, Lansing and all summer resorts and towns in Northern Michigan. This is the cheapest and quickest route from Chicago and the West. Only seven hours to Grand Rapids by this route, single fare $3.90. Also connecting at Benton Harbor with the Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan Railway (Big 4 system) for Niles, Elkhart and Southern points. Docks foot of Wabash avenue, or at State street bridge. Telephone Main 2162.

J. H. GRAHAM, President. J. S. MORTON, Sec. and Treas.
G. S. WHITSLAR, General Passenger Agent.

The Great North west.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington" just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

A Choice List of Summer Resorts.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Among the following selected list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest roads in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul Railway, and Milwaukee & Northern Railroad: Oconomowoc, Minocqua, Waukesha, Palmyra, Tomahawk Lakes, Lakeside Kilbourn City (Dells of the Wisconsin), Beaver Dam, Madison, Delavan, Sparta, Pewaukee, Wausaukee, and Elkhart Lake, Wis.; Clear Lake, Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake, Ia.; Marquette, Ontonagon and Wacuinaw, Mich.; Frontenac, Lake Minnetonka, Ortonville, Prior Lake and White Bear Lake, Minn.; Lake Madison and Big Stone Lake, S. Dakota.

For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated tourist folder, to GEORGE H HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 931.

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O'DONNELL BRO'S, Dealers in All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6. per cord delivered. Office and Yard 303 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

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JAS. O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY, 916 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST.

ESTATE OF BRYAN LYNCH, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Bryan Lynch, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1892, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 28, 1892.
MARY ROACH, Administratrix.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administratrix.

THOS. McENERNY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW 69 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF JOHN NACEY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John Nacey, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1892, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 27, 1892.
MARY NACEY, Administratrix.
Thomas McEnerney, Attorney.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL O'CONNELL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Michael O'Connell, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1892, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 27, 1892.
JOHANNA O'CONNELL, Administratrix.
Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

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NOTHING LEFT TO BE DESIRED.

I am made rich in riches of stillness;
I dwell on the mount of the eterne;
I read on the page of the Silence
The Book that is never shall burn.

I rested by day with the formless;
I talked with the stars of the night;
I looked with the eyes of the viewless
And found in the darkness the light.

I heard with the hearing immortal;
I knew what no mortal hath seen;
In climbing the stairway celestial
I trod where the flesh hath not been.

My spirit found lessons of knowledge
From wells of the spirit. My soul
Drank deep at the fountain of wisdom
And thus became one with the whole.

I walked in the ways of the Silence,
In paths which no mortal hath trod;
I rest in the regions of stillness
And dwell in the presence of God.

—Stanley Fitzpatrick in World's Advance Thought.

A GHOSTLY BANQUET.

The Rev. Mr. E——, traveling on a ministerial tour through the south of Ireland one autumn day, found it impossible to reach his place of destination, yet distant many miles, before the coming on of night, which already announced its rapid approach by its somber herald twilight. During the day his ride had been suggestive of solitary meditation, as the portion of the country through which he journeyed was, owing to the grandeur and diversification of its scenery, one of the most picturesque in the kingdom.

His path had wound through gardens abandoned to the rank luxuriance of the thistle and bramble and past deserted homesteads, the histories of which were rife with tales of violence, bloodshed and family extinction; and he had oft with toil and difficulty guided his good steed through many of those deep labyrinthian glens and matted fens and natural fastnesses in which the land of the shamrock glories.

In the earlier part of his journey a few comfortable homes and farmhouses had been visible to Mr. E——, but as the day wore on the way grew increasingly gloomy and disheartening, and glimpses of the human face divine more and more rare. At last it became expedient to think of obtaining a lodging for the night, and he paused to reflect and reconnoiter. Not far from him towered the turrets of a venerable castle, around which clustered trees of an immense growth and height, whose thick trunks, gnarled and overhanging branches and somber foliage seemed as if anxious to keep out the gaze of prying stragglers and prevented the main body of the building from being seen.

A sloping lawn led down to a deep, silent lake, so still and so glassy that not a ripple disturbed its calm surface. Beyond were piled a ledge of mountains, rising in bold relief against the murky sky and adding additional wildness to the landscape. Altogether the aspect of the place was so repelling and spoke so strongly of desertion that the clergyman involuntarily turned away.

Meanwhile the darkness increased apace, and no other habitation was in sight but one—that of a person whom he well knew by report to be an implacable hater of religion and its ministers. Alternative therefore there was none between seeking admission as an unwelcome guest, from which his innate delicacy shrunk, and remaining exposed to the fury of a storm which gave warning of being in preparation by hoarse boomings of thunder, the mighty subbass of the elements and lurid gleams of fire.

He hesitated for some time, but determined at length to try whether the voice of hospitality might not plead his cause and gain for him at least the shelter of a roof, whatever might be his subsequent treatment and entertainment; any refuge appeared preferable to exposure to the peltings of the storm. His horse also began to exhibit unequivocal symptoms of dissatisfaction at the existing state of affairs, and plainly intimated a disposition to seek better quarters by impatient stampings and neighings. Mr. E—— accordingly rode up to the door of the house and knocked.

A tall, dark visaged man appeared. Mr. E—— introduced himself, apologized for the intrusion and solicited accommodation for the night. The gentleman replied that he would with pleasure furnish him supper and find room in the stable for his horse, but regretted that there was not in the house a vacant chamber.

"But are you a coward?" he demanded abruptly.

"I hope not."

"Because if you are not yonder is the castle across the park of which I am agent. No one is in it, as the owner is traveling on the Continent. I will not disguise from you, however, that strange tales are told of its being haunted, which was in fact the principal reason for the desertion of the Earl of L——'s family. If, as you say, you are not afraid, and feel willing to incur the risk of midnight visitants, you are welcome to a bed there."

Not seeming to notice the sneer which accompanied the last words, Mr. E—— accepted the offer with thankfulness, remarking that, however he might prefer society, yet, as a minister of the Gospel, he had no cause for fearing even the powers of darkness, should they league against him.

"Very well, then," said the host, whom we may designate as Mr. D——, "I will order supper, and while you are partaking of it send servants over to the castle to prepare a room and light a fire; and lest you should be in any doubt as to the sincerity of my intentions, I will attend you there myself and assist in searching your room and the adjoining ones."

After supper, having ascertained that his horse had been well attended to, Mr. E—— expressed himself in readiness to attend his host to his destined lodgings, as he was much fatigued with his journey and longed for repose. The rain had not yet commenced, but the flashes of lightning and the howling of the winds through the stately oaks and elms presaged its coming violence and suggested to the imagination of Mr. E—— the fitness of just such a night and place for a deed of blood, and he shuddered as they traversed the gloomy park, as many a tale of murdered travelers that he had heard in boyhood came forward in his mind.

To the best of men sudden death has an appalling aspect, but under such circumstances as these, apart from all that he loved, alone and unpitied, it seemed tenfold terrible. Then again he would think on the unexpected hospitality of Mr. D—— and smile at the horrors which busy fancy had conjured up.

As they drew near the castle, its desolate appearance was not much calculated to reassure him, or calm his drooping spirits. Mr. D—— carried a lantern, the faint glimmering of which only served to make darkness visible, as it fell on the grass grown walks and old gray stones that paved the courtyard. The noise of their steps and voices disturbed a crazy congregation of owls, bats and rooks, the time honored inhabitants of the turrets, which, startled and affrighted, flew about, flapping their wings and uttering dismal cries at the unwonted invasion of their premises.

A chill ran through Mr. E——. How he wished for even the neighborhood of his horse, or anything that had life; the company of a dog would have been invaluable; fain would he have stretched himself in the stable, but, dreading to awaken the sarcasm of his grim host, he said nothing. They reached the grand entrance. On opening, the door grated harshly and complainingly on its rusty hinges and a rush of night winds moaned bodingly as they entered.

While ascending the staircase dim shadows seemed to gather and troop around them, with fantastic gestures beckoning them onward; a thousand spirit eyes peered inquisitively out of the arches and frets in the ceilings; snatches of faint song echoed through the corridors; glimpses he had of half formed faces flitting about in corners, and whispers and sighs floated on the air. Mr. E—— again smiled at his own imaginings, and making a strong mental effort fairly shook off all further nonsensical apprehensions. They thoroughly examined the room destined for him and the adjacent ones, and afterward looked through those below, one of which was a hall of magnificent dimensions superbly carved and gilded in the old style.

His companion reiterated his assurances that no living being save himself would be in the castle, and, with an invitation to breakfast at his house in the morning, bade him good night. Mr. E—— attended him to the door, double locked and chained it after him, and then ascended to his own apartment, which he also carefully locked and secured. He certainly was situated very pleasantly.

The rain now came down in torrents, but the tremendous peals of thunder above him and the vivid flashes of lightning which occasionally pierced their way through the heavy damask curtains only so much the more enhanced the value of his comfortable retreat and made his feelings those of unmingled satisfaction. A bright fire blazed on the old fashioned hearth, and two wax candles stood lighted on an elegant inlaid table beside it.

The room was richly furnished in an antique style, and the luxurious couch, to one tired as he was, looked extremely inviting to repose. But the inclination to sleep had quite left him, and a strange wakefulness had superseded all his former almost overpowering weariness. Several noble paintings by the great masters, Guido and Da Vinci, adorned the walls, one of which was a beautiful picture of the "Virgin and Child," representing him while yet the [illegible] brow was unpierced by thorns, and ere the delicate fair cheek had been subjected to the blow of the smiter, or the prayer of prayers had been gasped by those cherub lips. Upon these he mused for an hour or so, and then, according to his usual custom, opened his pocket Bible and read and meditated until his excitement passed away, and a sacred calm gradually settled upon him.

Suddenly his attention was aroused by a singular commotion in the room below. Heavy tables were dragged about, dishes and glasses rattled, chairs violently pushed hither and thither, doors slammed and in short he heard every noise attendant upon the laying out of an extensive table. This unaccountable uproar continued unabated for about half an hour, when all at once the place became as hushed as the grave. Soon after a slow, heavy step began to ascend the stairs. Could his host have deceived him? The ominous step continued to ascend; nearer it drew and still nearer, until it stopped at his door.

Three sullen knocks.

Mr. E—— paused a moment, and then asked, "Who's there?"

A hollow voice replied, "The master wants you down to supper!"

"Excuse me, if you please; I cannot go down."

The dull, heavy step descended the stairs and entered the hall below. Mr. E—— began to conjecture that a band of forgers or smugglers had made the place their abode, and, being aware of his proximity, wished to inveigle him into their power in order to insure his silence. His sensations were becoming very unenviable; but the pause was brief, for again he heard the step ascending—if possible, heavier and slower than before; and again the three sullen knocks were given.

"What do you want?"

"The master wants you down to supper!"

"Tell him I have already supped and do not wish for more," replied Mr. E——, alarmed at this pertinacity.

The step departed as before, and he distinguished angry voices in loud debate below. Were their designs hostile, how could he hope to escape? Egress, unperceived, was utterly impossible. It is curious to note, in cases of emergencies, how many plausible schemes will present themselves to the mind, which, in placid moments, would never be dreamed of. So, many a plan did he revolve in a minute, but to put one in execution was out of the question. He was a prisoner, and clearly in the clutches of his enemies, for such they must be. His heart sank like lead as his thoughts reverted to his quiet, happy home, where the beloved ones were probably at this very time joyously expecting him, but who, mayhap, would never behold him more.

The third time he heard the dreaded foot approaching, so heavy every footfall now that they smote on his ear like cannon balls. The three sullen knocks again.

"What do you want that you persist in thus disturbing me?" demanded Mr. E—— loudly.

"The master wants you down to supper!"

"I come," said Mr. E——, and mentally imploring the protection of heaven against all violence, he grasped a candle and placing his Bible under his arm opened the door.

A grim, gigantic figure, habited in black from head to foot, stood without, who, motioning him to follow, led the way to the same splendid apartment in which he had been in the earlier part of the evening. The door was thrown wide open by his sable guide and he was ushered in. The master of the revels received him with a silent bow and escorted him to the table, which was covered with a sumptuous banquet and entirely surrounded by guests, with the exception of one seat which had been reserved for him.

As he seated himself a burst of laughter pealed out and died away in the distance. He glanced at the company; they were all robed in unrelieved black, and from countenances of livid ghastliness the hollow eyes shot forth gloomy flashes of fire as they glared upon him. All was silence—dead silence! It was appalling. He felt the blood curdle in his veins.

The host helped him first and then the other guests. Demoniac grins wreathed their thin lips as they watched to see him eat. But he no longer doubted as to the nature of the company and touched not the unhallowed food. A dead weight hung upon the atmosphere, almost crushing him to the earth; dense sulphurous vapors floated around, and the lowering brows of the company knit into deeper scowls as they burst out into another fit of Mephistophelean like mirth.

A moment of fearful trial, it is said, occurs in the lifetime of every mortal. Mr. E—— shuddered as he felt that his had arrived; and what a tremendous ordeal it was—no less than a personal conflict with the powers of darkness! The host signed peremptorily to him to begin. With a great effort—for he well knew that each fiendish eye was riveted upon him—he exclaimed:

"I have never been in the habit of eating without having first asked a blessing."

So saying, he bowed his head on his Bible, and cried with a loud voice:

"Oh, Lord, thou hast often fed me with the bread of heaven; suffer me not now to feast with devils!"

A fearful shriek—a peal of thunder that shook the castle to its deep foundations—and, raising his head, Mr. E—— discovered that he was alone in the supper room, sitting in the same place, with only his own candle, out of the score of lights, burning on the table beside him. For awhile he was stunned, his senses were overpowered; but soon recovering his self command he retraced his way to his room, where, as may well be imagined, he slept not. That night was one prolonged vigil.

It did on him the work of years of agony. At a reasonable hour in the morning he left the castle and went to the house of the agent, who welcomed him very cordially, inquiring with much solicitude how he had rested and whether he had been molested or disturbed. Mr. E—— answered him in a composed manner, which did not convey the slightest intimation of the occurrences of the past night. Not wishing to excite suspicion by a precipitate departure, he awaited breakfast, and thanking Mr. D—— for his politeness, asked for his horse, which had received benevolent care, and rode away.

The instant he reached his home he became violently ill. He never overcame the terrors of that night, and in a few weeks he was dead.—Augusta Browne in Romance.

Playing Cards in Russia.

There is only one factory in Russia for the manufacture of playing cards. It has a monopoly of the business and belongs to the Foundling hospital. It is figured that there are 30,000,000 people in Russia who play cards, and to supply the demand this factory puts out 6,000,000 packs of cards annually. In order to make this enormous quantity of cards only 329 women, aged from fifteen to twenty years, and sixty-eight men are employed. And they are chosen amid the sisters, wives and daughters of the workmen at the factory. Both exteriorly and interiorly the factory is a model of cleanliness. This is one of the essential conditions of this branch of production.

All the employees live at the factory and earn from five to fifteen dollars a month. They work from 6 in the morning to 6 o'clock at night, and are allowed two hours a day for their meals. Besides the ordinary playing cards of different qualities, the factory produces annually 120,000 packs of figured cards for the German colonies; also 12,000 packs of miniature playing cards as toys. The annual profit of the factory amounts to about $800,000. The cardboard is supplied by the Neva paper mill.—Exchange.

Saved His Fruit.

A fruit grower in Jersey, being much annoyed by depredators, obtained a human leg from a hospital and putting it in a large steel trap in his grapery began to make inquiries in a disturbed and melancholy manner for the owner of the limb. The neighbors flocked in to see it; the cunning man was rated for his cruelty; reports were circulated that the "horrid wretch" had filled his ground with traps, and his fruit was no more stolen.—London Tit-Bits.

MANY WRITE OPERAS.

MUSICAL STARS ARE BORED WITH PEOPLE WHO COMPOSE.

Successful Stage Singers Tell How Ambitious Writers Flood Them with Unwritten Music and Stale Ideas—They Must Be Queer People.

There are comparatively few managers who produce opera, and for that reason they are flooded with an amount of manuscript that would appall the ordinary theatrical manager.

Mr. Barton, of the Casino, receives as many scores of opera in all stages of incompleteness as any one man in America. Chatting on the subject, he said: "We have about three operas offered us every week, which is probably the total output of the country, for they all come to us first. Only last week a lank, tall young man came in with an original opera he wished produced immediately, and insisted that I read it. This I declined to do, as the manuscript appeared to be endless, but I treated him politely, and asked him to tell me the plot, which he did.

"'What about the music?' I asked the young man.

"'Oh, I have written that,' he replied.

"'You understand music, then?'

"'Oh, no; but I whistled the tunes to the organist of our church and he wrote them out.'

"'Does he understand orchestration?'

"'Oh, yes; he has been our organist for twenty-five years.'

"He came from a small town on Cape Cod. It has a population of some 2,000 people, whose chief industry is shipping sand from which glass lampshades are made. The young man informed me that he had come all the way to New York to have his opera produced, and seemed offended because I would not promise to produce it at once.

"It is a strange fact that nine-tenths of the operas we receive have their scenes laid in some South Sea island, while we produce only modern American opera now.

"Sometimes women come in, and then there is trouble. When 'Poor Jonathan' was running, a lady came in with an opera, which by force of will power she induced me to glance through. It was a modern dress suit opera of today, and when I asked her if I had not seen something of the kind before she fired up and departed. A few months later, when 'Apollo,' an ancient Grecian opera, was running at the Casino, back came the lady with a new opera. 'Have I not seen something of this kind before?' I again remarked. 'No, sir,' she said, and left it with me. It was the identical libretto she had presented before as a modern opera, with the names of the characters ruled out with blue ink and Grecian names written in with red. She had put the time back 2,000 years.

Digby Bell said: "Every few days some one comes to me with a new opera, but I always tell him that my contract forbids my reading any manuscript whatever for the next three years, but if this doesn't get rid of him and he still insists that his opera is great, I offer to produce it for three nights if he will put up the money for the scenery and the costumes, and if it is the success he says it will be, I will keep it on and refund his expenses. As the expense of a production amounts to about $10,000 the man with the libretto usually goes."

"Every week," said De Wolf Hopper, "I receive 600 additional verses to my songs, 'An Elephant on His Hands' and the 'Man in the Moon.' Some of them are good, but if I used one of them it would involve a lawsuit with the composers of 'Wang.'

"A few nights ago I received eighty-one sheets of closely written foolscap. It was a letter giving the scenario of an opera, and winding up with a request for two passes. Of course I did nothing to encourage the composer to enter the theater.

"Once I tried to be polite to a woman who came well recommended, and insisted on reading her libretto to me and playing the music on my piano. It was the worst three hours I ever spent.

"One opera offered me contained seventy-six speaking parts, and the gentleman who wrote it had probably never seen a stage in his life. One side of the stage was supposed to be bathed in sunlight while the other was buried in snow. Every few minutes there was a climatic change. The scene was laid in a mining camp, and the book told the story of a labor agitation. About fifty Indians would rush on the stage, then as many miners, then squaws innumerable. A cyclone was featured, a conflagration, one or two floods, a rainbow and an earthquake followed each other in quick succession."

Francis Wilson was loath to abuse those who submitted their work for his approval, yet he could find no words in their praise. "Yes," he said, "I receive a great many scores of operas, but the people who write the lines and verses never think of supplying the music, they consider that a mere detail which any orchestra leader can add in at the last moment.

"Nine out of ten operas offered me have their scenes laid in the west. I don't know why, but every one seems to think that the Indian is the most poetical creature in modern literature. I have never found him so. Sometimes some one does send in a manuscript with the music written in, but the songs are all familiar. The composer visits 'The Lion Tamer,' a few of the airs catch his ear, he goes home and unconsciously composes a variation of the tunes he has heard.

"Some day some one will bring in a great opera, but it will have to be built up with catchy music, new jokes and pretty girls. Comic opera is not born all at once, it is developed; and the manager who knows just what parts to develop in accordance with the peculiar tastes of the different cities the company visits is the man who will build up the reputation of the composer.

"Give me an opera with twenty pretty girls in the chorus and half a dozen catchy airs, and I have several hundred librettos from which to select my dialogue."—New York World.

The Rat as a Disease Distributor.

Nowhere is it possible for the ubiquitous rat, if diseased, to do more certain harm as a disease transmitter than in the farmyard and the barn. Here he is almost on intimate terms with the cattle and the horses. He mouths their food in feeding himself from the manger, he sleeps in the hay they eat and frequently they inhale his poisoned breath. The milk cow's product has often done its mischief in the household of the farmer or in the families of the dairyman's customers long before Brindle's or Sukey's unhealthy condition is rightly understood.

The seeds of consumption are sown broadcast; the scientist discovers that the cow has distributed them, but the question "How came the cow by the germs of this terrible disease?" is never answered except conjecturally. The afflicted rat has given up the ghost, but not until he has transmitted his disease to fellow rodents and other animals; the cow dies or is killed and the surgeon's examination of her interior reveals the presence of the death bearing tubercles; but the seeds of consumption go on toward fruition in the bodies of human beings, and the manufacture of the disease continues in the barn.

There is no excise law to check or in any way regulate the spread of the disease germs, and the unlicensed dealers keep on peddling out their poison till the last one dies or until in obedience to some mysterious mandate the whole colony emigrate.—Dr. S. E. Weber's Lecture.

The Right Use of Language.

A language belongs to those who know best how to use it, how to bring out all its resources, how to make it search its coffers around for the pity or canorous phrase that suits the need, and they who can do this have been always in a pitiful minority. Let us be thankful that we, too, have a right to it and have proved our right, but let us set up no claim to vulgarize it. The English of Abraham Lincoln was so good not because he learned it in Illinois, but because he learned it of Shakespeare and Milton and the Bible, the constant companions of his leisure. And how perfect it was in its homely dignity, its quiet strength, the unerring aim with which it struck once nor needed to strike more! The language is alive here and will grow. Let us do all we can with it but debase it.

Good taste may not be necessary to salvation or success in life, but it is one of the most powerful factors of civilization. As a people we have a larger share of it and more widely distributed than I at least have found elsewhere, but as a nation we seem to lack it altogether. Our coinage is ruder than that of any country of equal pretensions, our paper money is filthily infectious, and the engraving on it, mechanically perfect as it is, makes of every bank note a missionary of barbarism. This should make us cautious of trying our hand in the same fashion on the circulating medium of thought.—James Russell Lowell in Harper's.

Worms That Raise Tons of Sand.

Mr. C. Davison has examined the sands between Holyland and the coast of Northumberland, a large flat stretch of beach familiar to most persons who travel by the east coast route to Scotland. The observer found that the number of castings of sand thrown up by the lobworms gave an average of 50,000,000 to the square mile. A portion of the castings was weighed, and the total weight thrown up annually was thus shown to be, in some places, about 901 tons per acre; at other points it was a good deal less than this; but in still other parts it amounted to no less than 3,146 tons per acre.

If all the sand thus passed through the bodies of those animals in the course of twelve months were spread out it would give an average thickness of not less than thirteen inches. How many and various are the changes produced in the sand by the wonderful activity of these industrious worms it is impossible to say. But it is easy to see how the presence of such creatures in large numbers operates with other forces to produce a kind of order on the surface of the earth, and to replace crudeness by beauty.

The thing that strikes one most, however, is the magnitude of the results which can be produced in a short time when a large number of separate individuals work in co-operation by the same methods toward the same end.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Japanese in America.

There is a strong desire on the part of young Japanese to come to the United States to acquire or perfect themselves in the English language and complete their education. The welcome given to earlier students has led many who have entirely insufficient means to undertake the journey—to come, indeed, with scarcely more than enough to pay their passage to this country. Others, better provided for, have no idea of the increased cost of living here, while many hope to receive aid from persons who may become interested in them here or to find some employment while they are carrying on their studies.

The practical results are not always fortunate, and many of the students referred to would be better off at home. The reputation of having been educated in Europe or America has a certain value at present in Japan, however, and the Japanese students are, almost without a single exception, a credit to their native country.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Two Indian Swords.

The swordstick, or "gupti," is of Indian origin. There is one form of it which is peculiar to chiefs and men of rank. The hilt of the sword, forming the handle of the stick, is crutch shaped, and the owner, when lying on his divan, would have his arm resting upon this, so as never to be taken quite unarmed. It was called in Persian "takiah-i-zafar," or "cushion of victory." Another form of concealed sword was made so flexible as to be worn around the waist like a girdle.—Chambers' Journal.

SENSES OF OWLS.

Interesting Experiments to Determine Their Lack of Smell.

The hearing of all species of owls known to me is marvelously keen; so keen in fact that I know of no way of testing it, since it is so much more acute than that of man. If owls have the sense of smell, I am unable to find satisfactory evidence of it.

I have tried various experiments with them, hoping to prove that they could smell, but the results are all negative. They dislike putrid meat, but they bite it to ascertain its condition. They will not eat toads or frogs which yield an unpleasant odor, but they did not reject these species until they had tested them by tasting.

They may be ever so hungry, yet they do not suspect the presence of food if it is carefully covered so that they can not see it. This test I have applied with the utmost care to the great horned, snowy and barred owls. The latter are shrewd enough to learn my ways of hiding their food, and when they suspect its presence they will search in the places where I have previously hidden it, pouncing upon pieces of wrapping paper and poking under feathers and excelsior with amusing cunning.

I tested them with the fumes of camphor, ammonia and other disagreeable and unusual smells, but they failed to show that they perceived them unless the fumes were strong enough to affect their breathing or to irritate their eyes. Finally I put a cat in a basket and placed the basket between the two owls. They were utterly indifferent to it until the cat made the basket rock, when both of them fled precipitately and could not be induced to go near the basket again.

Although Puffy will put a cat to flight when on his mettle, Fluffy is frightened almost out of his wits by them.

A Japanese toy bird, made of a piece of wood and a few scarlet feathers, was eagerly seized by Puffy, indicating not only a lack of power of smell but the presence of an appreciation of color. I have fancied that an appreciation of color is also shown by barred owls in their frequent selection of beech trees as nesting places, by great horned owls in their choice of brown trunked trees, and by Snowden in an apparent preference for gray backgrounds.—Frank Bolles in Popular Science Monthly.

Art in Abyssinia.

We found the walls of the churches in Abyssinia covered with pictures of Scriptural history and the walls of the cathedral with the exploits of Johannes. His victories over the Egyptians at Gorra and in the valley of Gundet are fully represented in tones as florid as those of advertising posters at home. The native artist does not make up for crudeness of color by the accuracy of his drawing, and if these pictures have any merit it is in the originality of their treatment. For instance, in the cathedral of Gundet, in a picture representing the Israelites crossing the Red sea, Pharaoh carries in his right hand the latest specimen in six shooters and in his left hand he holds a pair of opera glasses, while the Egyptian host sports Remington rifles.

All movement of figures is from right to left, and in all pictures heads are full faced, with the exception of satan and the hated Egyptians, who are painted in acute profile, to show their lack of honesty and good faith and their inability to look you straight in the face. It is a deplorable fact, and one which, ladies will say at once, only proves the ignorance and barbarity of the Ethiopians, that the evil spirits in these compositions are always represented by the softer sex, generally showing their naughtiness by exhibiting their tongues.—Frederic Villiers in Century.

A Venerable Yew Tree.

In the churchyard at Darley Dale is the most venerable yew tree in the world. Many authorities claim for it a fabulous age, making it as much as 3,000 years old. It is thirty-three feet in girth, but its trunk has suffered not a little from the modern Goths and Vandals who have carved their names in the bark and employed other methods of mutilation. The tree is now fenced around to save it from further insult; and "whatever may be its precise age," says the Rev. Dr. John Charles Cox, "there can be little doubt that this grand old tree has given shelter to the early Britons when planning the construction of the dwellings that they erected not many yards to the west of its trunk; to the Romans who built up the funeral pyre for their slain comrades just clear of its branches; to the Saxons, converted perchance to the true faith by the preaching of Bishop Diuma beneath its pleasant shade; to the Norman masons chiseling their quaint sculptures to form the first stone house of prayer erected in its vicinity, and to the host of Christian worshipers who from that day to this have been borne under its hoary limbs in women's arms to the baptismal font, and then on men's shoulders to their last sleeping place in the soil that gave it birth."—London Public Opinion.

Dangerous Stuff to Trifle With.

Says a druggist's assistant: "It is doubtful whether any preparation will remove superfluous hair from the face or neck. This can be done without difficulty by electrolysis, but this is somewhat tedious and painful and few ladies particularly, care to undergo the operation. There are, however, many preparations which will burn off all hair and very much restrict its growth.

"Barium sulphate is used in nearly all these preparations and seems to have unlimited destructive powers. It is best mixed with a very small quantity of oxide of zinc, and a mixture of the two articles, such as can be obtained at any drug store, is at least as safe a depilatory as any."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Reassuring.

"Have you ever had a wreck, captain?" asked the nervous passenger.

"No, ma'am," replied the officer; "I'm a wreckless man."—Detroit Free Press.

SHE WAS FROM CHICAGO.

Nothing Suited Her in the Metropolis, So She Went Back Home.

A friend of mine had a relative of the aunt degree from Chicago recently here on a visit. She was over fifty, but as nimble as a cricket and was never tired of comparing New York with her dear Chicago. Dear old innocent! she was so proud of her native city. She was taken down to the Battery and when she saw the bay she exclaimed:

"Dear me! And this is the ocean, is it? Well! well! Lake Michigan is bigger than this!"

Nancy took her to old Trinity, but she said they had finer churches in Chicago, and told the acting deputy assistant sexton so. He was surprised.

"Is this the biggest graveyard you've got in New York?" she asked, looking over the ancient churchyard. They told her Mount Greenwood and went over to show it to her. Old women and young lovers are always interested in graveyards. She stopped a Brooklyn horse car and told the driver she was from Chicago and asked him where his car went to. While he was explaining they blocked up the street for a mile, and then she took another line. She sighed and declared the horse car people east were not as polite as they were in Chicago.

When they got over to Greenwood she asked a gardener if he knew where any of the Little family were buried. She once knew a person by that name who was buried in Greenwood. Although she made a good many inquiries of gravediggers and other workmen none of them could furnish her the information. To each one she said in a sort of a preliminary way that she was from Chicago. One man said that was all right—no apology was necessary. She looked over several acres of tombstones and finally gave it up. When they got back she tried shopping in Harlem. A short haired girl tried to sell her a piece of goods for twelve cents a yard.

"I can buy that in Chicago for eight cents," she declared. "I live in Chicago and you can't fool me on goods." And when she went out the short haired girl and the cashier and floor walker and cash girls ran out on the pavement to get another good look at her.

They went into Fulton market and everybody wanted to sell her something to eat, but she told them she was from Chicago and was only looking 'round to see what New York people ate. The buildings down town did not impress the old lady from Chicago much.

"I don't see any buildings here as big as the Rookery," she observed. "Did you ever see the Rookery?" she asked an elevator man in the Equitable.

"The Rookery?" says he. "What's that?"

"Why, in Chicago," says she. "I live in Chicago."

"Never been there, ma'm," says he. "Top floor."

"Dear me! The buildings are not as high here as they are in Chicago. This is the top floor."

They thought they would come up town on a Broadway car, and finally succeeded in stopping one. It was very much crowded. She wanted to ask the conductor something before she got on and began as usual:

"I'm from Chicago"——

"Chicago people take the next car," said he, and he rang the bell and left them standing in the street.

This hurt the old lady's feelings, and that night she declared she had enough of New York. Next morning she packed up and left for her home in the setting sun, saying that Chicago was good enough for her. She had heard a good deal about New York, but give her Chicago every time.—New York Herald.

Why Foreign Weeds Flourish Here.

Why should it be that plants of another country not only find their way here, but after arriving assert themselves with a vigor far surpassing our native herbs? Dr. Gray, in writing upon this point says, "As the district here in which the weeds of the Old World prevail was naturally forest clad, there were few of its native herbs which, if they could bear the exposure at all, were capable of competition in the cleared land with emigrants from the Old World."

The European weeds had through long ages adapted themselves to the change from forest to cleared land, and were therefore prepared to flourish here in the rich forest soil that was suddenly exposed to the sun and subjected to other new conditions by the felling of the trees.—Professor Byron D. Halstead in Popular Science Monthly.

A Chemist's Last Request.

Without the contrasted patience of moral and physical pain there are men of high intellect for whom the latter has no terrors. The chemist Lavoisier was summoned during the Reign of Terror in France to his death; he calmly requested a few days in order to see the result of some experiments which he had in progress—in vain. This great philosopher of his day fell an immediate martyr to the political necessities of the ruthless tyrant Robespierre.—Chambers' Journal.

A Lucky Boy.

Small Boy—Dickie Dartt is the luckiest boy I know. He is always havin somethin nice happen. He went to the theater las' night.

Little Sister—You often go too.

Small Boy—Yes, but there was a fire in this theater, an a awful panic, an lots of people got crushed, an he was there an saw th' whole business.

Little Sister—Where is he now.

Little Boy—In a hospertal.—Good News.

Paper of the Ancients.

The interior bark of trees was formerly used to write upon, and its Latin name (Liber, a bark) seems to intimate that its use was as ancient as the art of writing itself. In one respect the bark was superior to the leaf; it could be rolled into a volume, while the leaf would crack if subjected to such a process.—New York World.

Ayer's Pills

the
best remedy
for Constipation,
Jaundice, Headache,
Biliousness, and
Dyspepsia,

Easy to Take

sure
to cure
all disorders
of the Stomach,
Liver, and
Bowels.

Every Dose Effective

One Thing That It Pays For.

"Declined with thanks?" he asked, as the young author came out of the publishing house with a roll of manuscript under his arm.

"Yes," replied the young author despondently. "They say that the story is good enough, but that there is no money in publishing the works of unknown authors."

"Oh, well don't be discouraged," cautioned the friend. "That firm never did buy manuscript."

"Why, it publishes"——

"Yes, I know. It publishes an awful lot of books, and it will publish one of yours some time if you persevere and are successful. Try some smaller firm first."

"But you said"——

"I said this firm didn't buy manuscript, and it doesn't; but when you get all written out, and your Pegasus is spavined, and your flights of fancy don't fly, then this firm will pay you well for the name that some one else has paid you to make, and you can throw in any left over manuscript that you have. It doesn't buy manuscripts, but it pays for reputations."—Chicago Tribune.

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HIGH COURT OFFICERS

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 130 W Taylor st; G E Brocken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 590 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 3 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh F Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Seventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 38th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2447 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1098 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 706 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—F H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 236 Sherman st; Frank A Knoera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaier, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 761 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schultz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Sholden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 233 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] Peschell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; R P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 3617 Emerald av; O Hierzbech, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayse hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J Mcinerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W Erie st.

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Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st. Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. sec.; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. sec. Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5236 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 3rd Sunday of month at 8 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Barret, Pres., 162 Van Buren-st.; William Sullivan, V.-P.; Patrick Foley, Rec. Sec., 2902 Deering-st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec., Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

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Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., M. J. Duffy, 543 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., F. J. Conroy. Treas., Patrick Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts

Div. No. 18—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V-P., W. J. Hogan; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 609 Thirty-seventh st. Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell. Treas. Charles Lynch Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 22—W. J. Doherty Pres, 47th st and Centre av., Patrick Broderick, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1243 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy Fin. Sec., Patrick Grace Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres, P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av, V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P. M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 32—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3813 Lowe av; V P, T. F. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1005 31st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. No. 36—Pres, M. Donohue, 5503 Jefferson av, V. P., M. Pierce; Rec. Sec., William McMahon; Fin. Sec., Patrick McGoldrick; Treas, P. McMahon.

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The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.

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County Secretary J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first-st.

County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

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Division No. 1—Pres, Thomas Flynn, 526 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reordan. Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3595 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; Vice-Pres, John Maher, Rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st, Fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st. and Ill. Cent. R. R., S. Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 349 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Donnehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p. m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-Pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; Rec Sec, Edw Quinn, W 21st st; Fin sec, Thos. Moran Treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourt. Meet the third Sunday each month at 44 W Twelfth st

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Archer ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larne Hall, BBrighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J. Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May st

Div. 33—Pres, P.H. Chambers, Hyde Park; vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick Mc Grath; treas, Henry Lynch.

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FATHER HAGAN'S Y. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY Meets second and fourth Tuesday each month at O'Neill's hall, 251 W. Lake-st. President, William J. Lally, 7 Smart-st.; V.-P., John Daley; Rec. Sec., J. E. Clancy, 226 N. Wood-st Fin. Sec., M. J. Hartigan; Treas., Wm. Clee; Marshal, John J. Hickey; Sergt-at-Arms, Jas E. McBennett.

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ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B SOCIETY Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the Church at 3 p. m. Thomas [illegible]oak, President, 96 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. Foley; 2d V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor 619 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Asst Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Hare Marshal, R. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 8, 1870 Meets on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. in Sodality hall, corner May and Eleventh-sts Pres. John W. Clancy, 491 S May st.; V.-P. Martin O Connell; Rec., James Cleary, 362 Maxwell st.; Fin. Sec., Alex Cairns; Treas., William Colbert; Marshal, James F. Gallagher.

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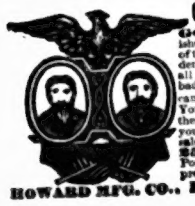

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For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $33.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside" a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

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The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.
No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.
No. 39 Gold filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.
No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.
No. 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.75. This is a Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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